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Standard Guide

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J. F. FLEMING

ILLUSTRATED

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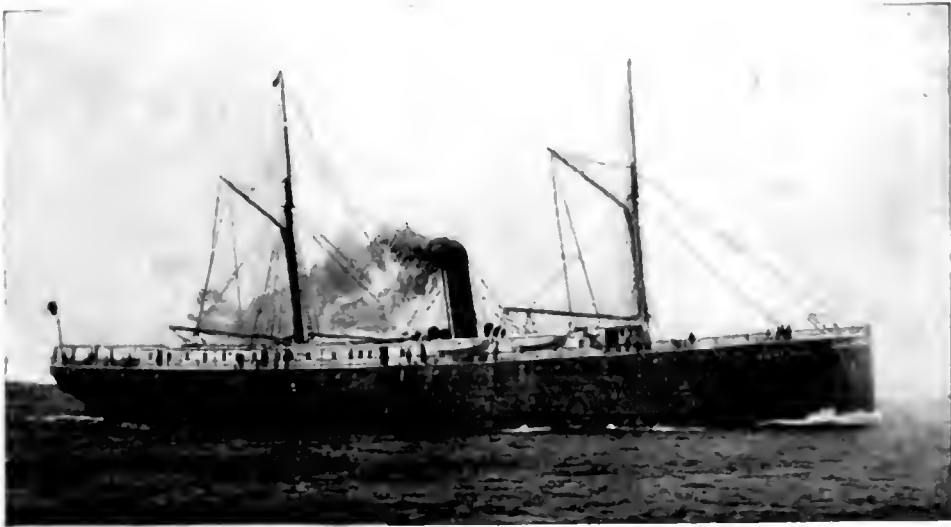
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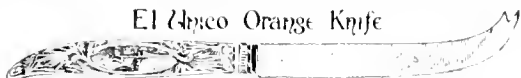
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"Has a fine saw edge"

ST. AUGUSTINE SOUVENIR HANDLE, with design of palm leaves and sea shell; the City Gate carved in relief on one side and the old Spanish Fort on the other.



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A Perfect Orange Knife.

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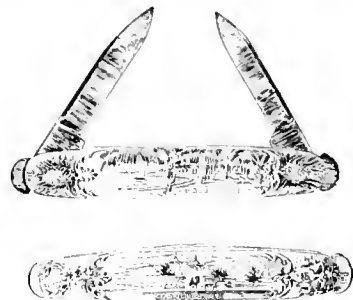
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UNDER THE ARCH BY THE ROUND TOWER,
St. Augustine, Fla.

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READY REFERENCE GUIDE.

For Map of St. Augustine see page 15.

ST. AUGUSTINE is a well-equipped modern city. It has asphalt pavements, gas and electric lights, an artesian water system, a fire department, well-stocked markets and stores, elegant churches, an increasing number of residences, and palatial hotels which are famous the world over and on whose registers are written the names of more than 50,000 guests every winter and spring. It is the fashionable winter resort of the United States. Visitors find every convenience and luxury. The town is renowned for its healthfulness, the climate is equable and has given lease of life to thousands who have come hither from the North and West.

SITUATED on a narrow strip of land running north and south, the town has in front (on the east) the Matanzas River or bay, and on the west the St. Sebastian River. Across the bay is Anastasia Island; and beyond that—two miles distant—the ocean.

RAILWAYS. All trains leave from the Union Depot.

HOTELS, of which announcements will be found in our advertising pages, are: **Ponce de Leon,** Cordova and Alcazar, on King street. **Magnolia,** St. George street. **Florida,** St. George street. **Valencia,** St. George street. **Barcelona,** Carrère street. **Abbey,** St. George street. **St. George,** St. George street. **La Borde,** Maine street.

MAILS. The post office is on St. George street, facing the Plaza. General delivery hours, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Mail time to New York, thirty hours; to Chicago, forty hours.

TELEGRAPH OFFICES. Alcazar, Hotel Ponce de Leon and Hotel San Marco.

EXPRESS. Southern Express Co.; office, Nos. 31 and 33 Alcazar, Cordova street.

BANK. First National Bank, north side of Plaza. Hours, 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

CHURCHES. **Episcopalian**—Trinity Church, facing Plaza. **Methodist**—Grace Church, Cordova and Carrère streets. **Presbyterian**—Memorial Church, Valencia street. **Roman Catholic**—Church facing Plaza on the north.

PUBLIC LIBRARY. St. George street, in post office building. Non-residents may borrow books free of charge.

STUDIOS. Valencia street, Hotel Ponce de Leon.

MUSEUMS. Dr. Vedder's Florida Museum (on Marine, corner Treasury street) is well worth visiting; its extensive collections of land and marine life are of decided merit and will repay the attention of those who are interested in natural history, and there is abundant entertainment here for an hour or a forenoon.

[Continued on second page beyond.]

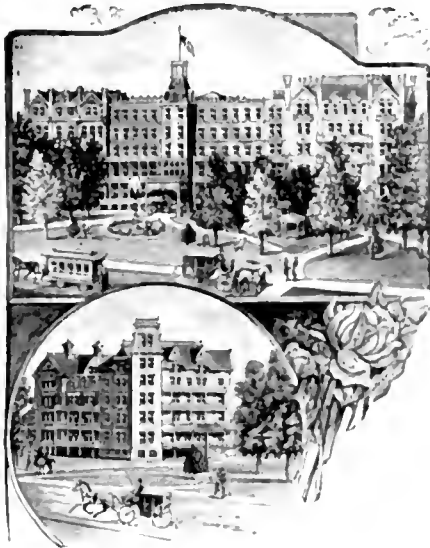


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The Battle Creek Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS.



THE growing demands of the great army of dyspeptics, and the remarkable advances recently made in the science of dietetics, have given rise to the term "Health Foods." To meet the evident necessities for genuine food products, prepared in such a manner as to require the least possible labor on the part of the digestive organs, and to meet the most common and important therapeutic indications, and at a price so as to be within the reach of the average invalid, was the purpose of a series of experiments conducted at the Sanitarium for nearly seventeen years. The result has been to produce a great number of improvements in medical dietetics and methods of meeting the dietetic requirements of the invalid. Of the many products so discovered a few have stood the test of many years' experience and trial, under all conditions and in all climates. These have been adopted by us, and their production has gradually increased from a few hundred pounds annually to hundreds of tons.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS are unequalled in the qualities which have given them a world-wide reputation. They are palatable, as well as healthful, and are thoroughly genuine.

GRANOLA.

This is a farinaceous product, which is a combination of the most easily digestible grains, and contains the largest possible amount of all the elements of nutrition in the proportion needed for complete nutrition. Each pound more than equals in nutrient value **three pounds of the best beef or mutton**, as determined by chemical analysis, besides affording a better quality of nutriment. The manner of preparation is such as to secure to a large extent the advantages of those changes naturally effected by the digestive process, while eliminating every element of an irritating character. **GRANOLA** is just the thing for a patient who needs to gain in flesh. It is the food *per excellence* for all persons with weak digestion, defective assimilation, general or nervous debility, brain workers, feeble children, and invalids generally, as well as travelers and excursionists. It is also excellent for those who, while not sick, need to obtain the largest possible supply of nourishment with the least labor on the part of the digestive organs. **GRANOLA** requires no cooking, as it is subjected, in manufacture, to many hours of most thorough cooking. It is only necessary to moisten it with a little milk or water, and it may be eaten at once.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Foods Are:

MEDIUM OATMEAL CRACKERS,
PLAIN OATMEAL CRACKERS,
NO. 1 GRAHAM CRACKERS,
NO. 2 GRAHAM CRACKERS,
PLAIN GRAHAM CRACKERS,

RYE WAFERS,
CARBON CRACKERS,
WHEAT GRANOLA,
AVENOLA,
GRANOLA,

WHITE CRACKERS,
WHOLE-WHEAT WAFERS,
GLUTEN WAFERS,
GLUTEN FOOD NO. 1,
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INFANT'S FOOD,

KIDNEY,

Sample packages containing specimens of each of our foods sent postpaid for 50cts. Selected samples, 25cts. Send for our illustrated description and price list of **Health Foods**.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Ready Reference Guide—Continued.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

FORT MARION is open to the public through the day.

THE CITY GATEWAY is at the head of St. George street.

THE PLAZA, or park, is in the center of the town.

THE SEA-WALL was built by the United States Government in 1835-42. See page

THE ST. FRANCIS BARRACKS are at the south end of the Sea-Wall.

HARBOR AND BEACHES. Small steam craft ply between wharves and beaches and other points, and may be chartered for excursions. A ferry crosses to South Beach and the Lighthouse

HISTORICAL.

PONCE DE LEON discovered Florida in 1512. No permanent settlement was established until 1565, when Pedro Menendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in North America. From the massacre of the French Huguenots by Menendez at Matanzas to the close of the Seminole War in 1842, St. Augustine's three centuries have been crowded with stirring incident and eventful change. The town remained in the possession of the Spaniards until 1763, when Florida was ceded to Great Britain; in 1783 England ceded Florida back to Spain, and the United States came into possession in 1821. The massacre of the Huguenots by Menendez, the sacking of St. Augustine by Drake, the pillaging by the Boucaniers, the sieges by the British under Moore and Oglethorpe, the vicissitudes during the Revolutionary War, the coming of the Minorcan refugees, the Seminole War, and other incidents are referred to in subsequent pages, while the story of the town's three centuries is told in "Old St. Augustine"—a helpful little book, which is to be seen in its coquina binding, at all the stores.

The most attractive and historical point of interest on your return is ATLANTA, GA., and the

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Hotel
Of
The
South.

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It is entirely new and the most elegant, complete, and perfect in its appointments, cuisine and service of any hotel palace in the South.

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ATLANTA has the most equable and uniform climate in the United States, with all the features essential to health. Elevation 1085 feet, drainage, dryness of air and absolute exemption from epidemics and malaria. The purest of water, clear as crystal. There are many attractive drives over roads of historic interest, midst beautiful landscape with mountain belted horizon from 40 to 100 miles distant.

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The ... ALMA

Alma, Michigan. + +

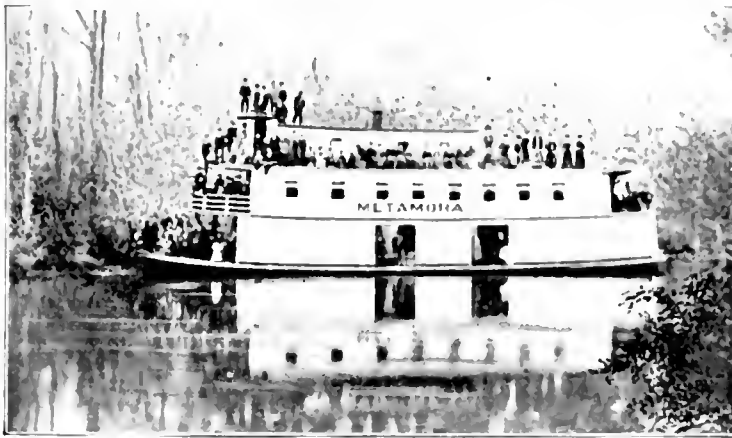
mate, grand waters, and great physicians—a place where no one ever gets home-sick. A handsome book telling you about routes, rates and other essential points, sent *free*.

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The Standard Guide.

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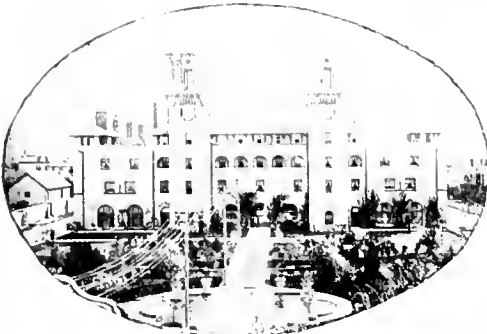
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C. B. KNOTT, Manager.



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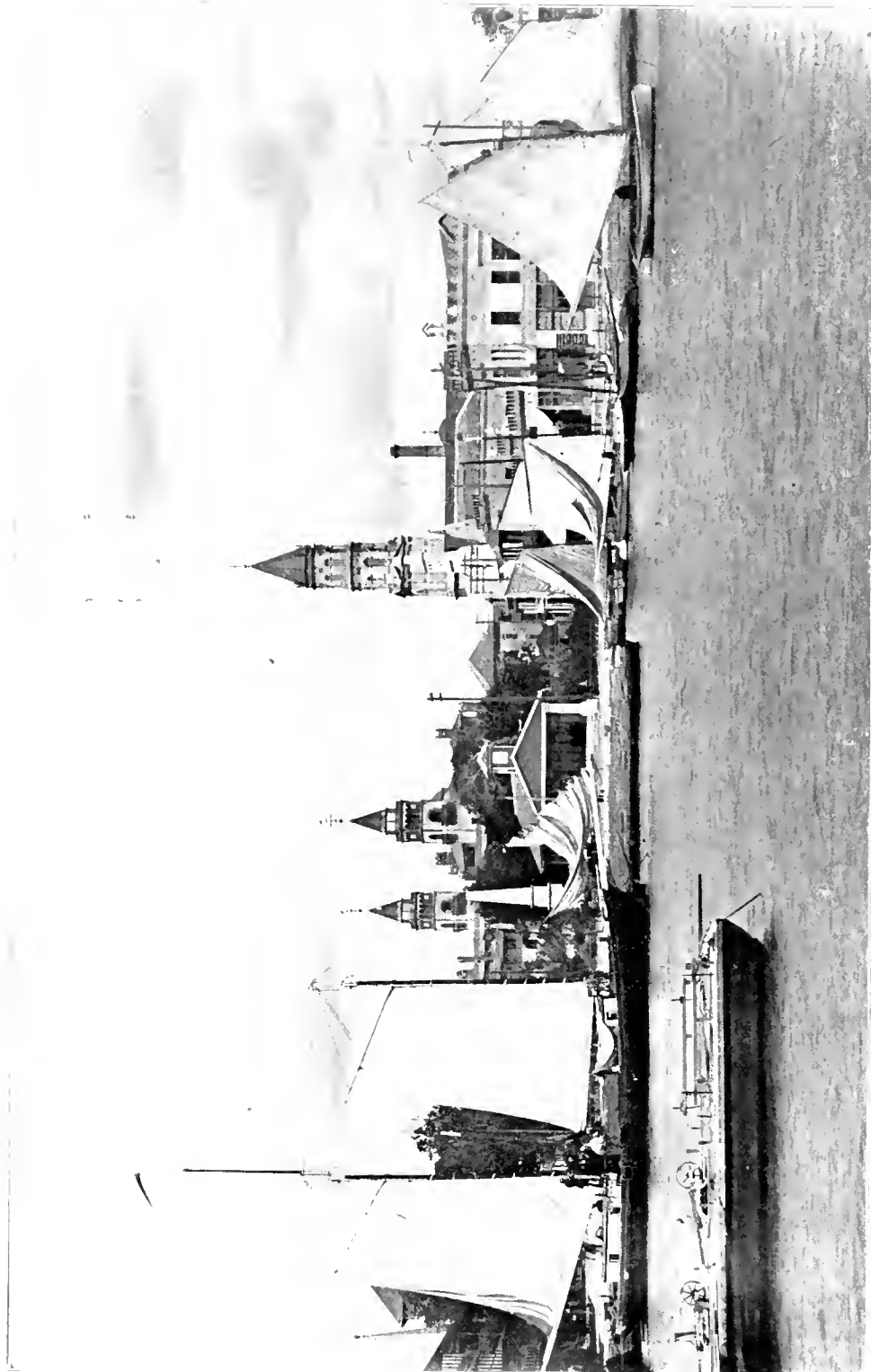
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MORNING AFTER A STORM.

THE STANDARD GUIDE ST. AUGUSTINE

BY CHARLES B. REYNOLDS

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF

THE FLORIDA EAST COAST

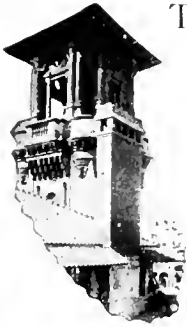
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To the Reader:



THE STANDARD GUIDE is intended to give such practical information and intelligent description as, it is hoped, may add to the convenience and pleasure of the tourist.

The present edition, which is for the tenth year, appears in an enlarged form, with text revised to date, and much new material, including a description of the East Coast country. The generous list of illustrations given in former editions has also been increased. If not cast aside, the prose and pictures may in the future prove pleasant reminders of one's visit to Florida.

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* * The price of the STANDARD, wherever sold, is 25 cents.

*See the Standard Guide application
for the preservation of the old
Matanzas Fort; and send your
name in support of the movement.*



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ST. AUGUSTINE.



ORTIFICATION and defense were the first thought of the Spanish soldiers who founded St. Augustine; and they were careful to choose a site which should be a stronghold. The situation of the town was admirably fitted for such a purpose. St. Augustine is built on a narrow strip of land running north and south. In front on the east is the Matanzas River, in the rear on the west flows the St. Sebastian.

Distances in St. Augustine are not great. The chief points of interest are comprised within an area of three-quarters of a mile in length; and the tourist who is provided with the STANDARD GUIDE will need no other aid in finding his way.

A sea-wall extends along the water front from Fort Marion on the north to the United States barracks on the south. In the center of the town is an open square or park, called the Plaza.

The principal streets run north and south; the cross streets at right angles, east and west. The main thoroughfare, St. George street, runs through the center of the town to the City Gate; from that point it is known as the Shell Road, extending north beyond the San Marco Hotel. Treasury street, crossing St. George one block north of the Plaza, narrows at the east end to an alley, across which two persons may clasp hands. St. Francis street, at the southern extremity of St. George, was long famous for its ancient date palm, which was killed by the freeze of 1885. The Alameda extends west from the Plaza to the St. Sebastian River.

Some of the street names are suggestive of incidents in the town's romantic history. St. Francis commemorates the labors and self sacrifice of the Franciscan mission fathers, whose monastic institution was on the site where the barracks now stand. Cuna and St. Hypolita were given in the Spanish supremacy. St. George street was so called in honor of England's patron saint, and Charlotte was the name of the queen of King George III. *Old St. Augustine* states that the name Treasury is from the Spanish term, which signified "the street where the treasurer lives." The treasure (*i. e.*, funds for the soldiers' pay, etc.) was kept closely guarded in the fort.

The narrow little streets, with their foreign names and foreign faces, their overhanging balconies and high garden walls, through whose open door one caught

a glimpse of orange and fig and waving banana, were once among the quaint characteristics which made this old Florida town charming and peculiar among all American cities. But the picturesque streets, of which tourists delighted to write, have almost ceased to be a pleasing feature of St. Augustine. Some of them have been widened; and others, shorn of their quaintness, are ill adapted to the swelling traffic

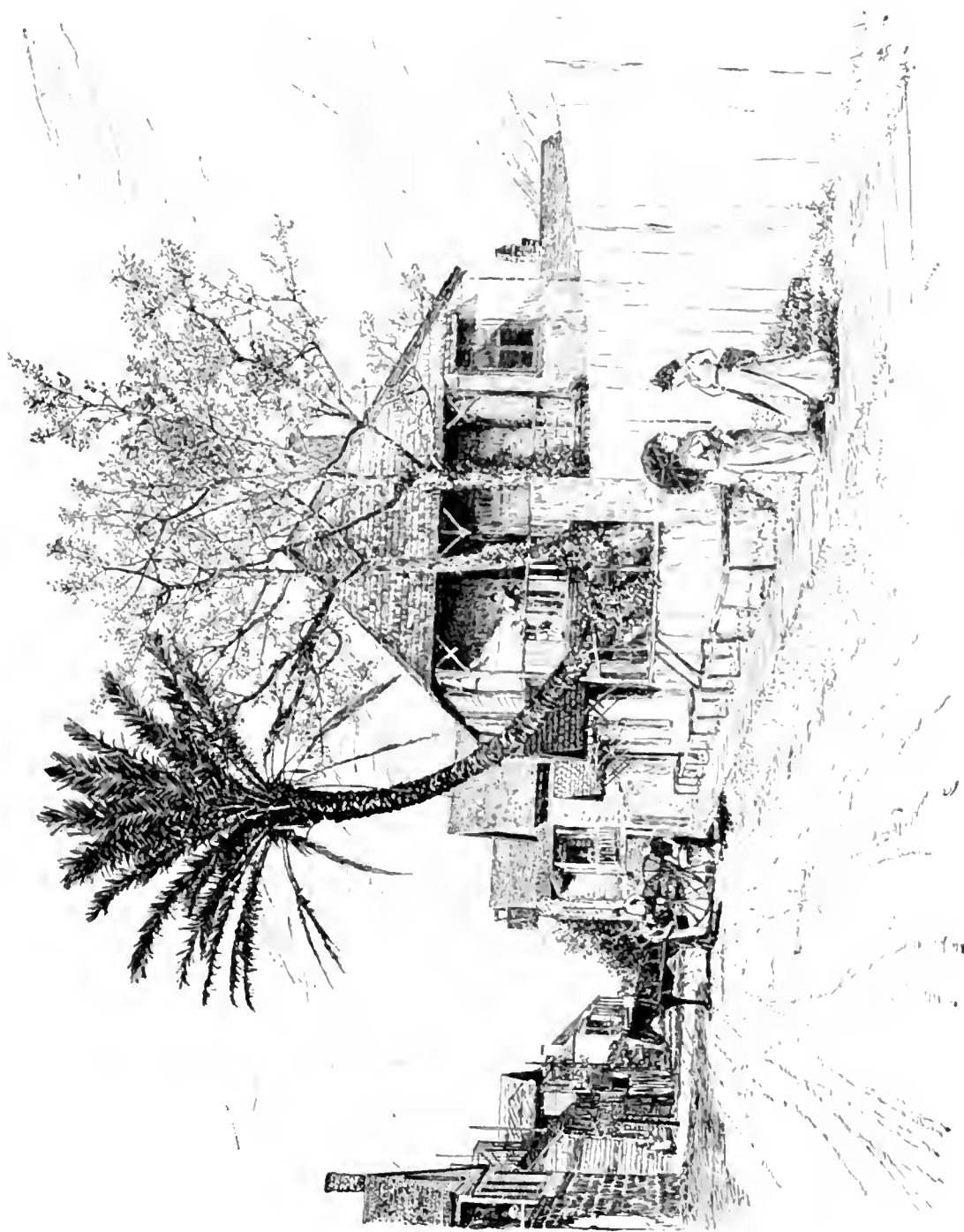


A STUDY OF LIGHT AND SHADE.

Charlotte Street.

of the "rush season." Reckless drivers crowd the pedestrian to the wall, and well may he sigh for the good old times when, tradition says, no wheeled vehicle was allowed in St. Augustine. The STANDARD GUIDE, we are sure, echoes the sentiment of scores of intelligent visitors, when it expresses regret that more adequate appreciation and foresight should not have prompted to the better preservation of these quaint and characteristic features of St. Augustine.

The aspect of the town has been modified in other respects. The style of architecture is undergoing a change; one by one the overhanging balconies are disappearing from the streets; high stone walls are replaced by picket fences and wire netting;



ST. FRANCIS STREET.



A STUDY IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

Sketch from painting, by Louis C. Tiffany.

moss-roofed houses have given way to smart shops; lattice gates are displaced by show windows and displays of bargains in ready-made clothing.

Few of the old dwellings are remarkable for antiquity or peculiarity of construction; their picturesque side is usually seen from the street. In former times most of the houses were of coquina, a natural shellstone quarried from Anastasia Island, but this has been superseded by wood and artificial concrete.

To tear down and demolish has been the rule with foe and friend alike. Indian, Sea-King, Boucanier, British invader—each in turn has scourged the town; and after the passing of each, it has risen again. If we may credit the testimony of visitors here, over St. Augustine has always hung an air of desolation and decay. After the successive changes of rulers, the new has always been built from the old. To use the coquina blocks from a dilapidated structure was less laborious than to hew out new material from the Anastasia quarries. In this manner were destroyed the coquina batteries, that in old times defended the southern line of the town. The stone from one of them was employed in build-



THE GARDENS WITH THEIR PALMS."

ing the Franciscan convent, and thence it went into the foundation of the barracks, which rose on the convent site. Another lot of coquina passed through a like cycle of usefulness, from outskirt battery into parish church, and from parish church to the repair of the city gate. So universal, indeed, has been this process of tearing down the old to construct the new, that there are few edifices here to-day, concerning whose antiquity we have satisfactory evidence. Boston worships in churches more ancient than the cathedral; New Orleans markets are older than the disused one on the plaza; Salem wharves antedate the sea-wall; on the banks of the Connecticut, the Hudson and the Potomac stand dwellings more venerable than any here on the Matanzas.—*Old St. Augustine.*

The people met in the streets are not the picturesque beings described in the books of travel written fifty years ago. Most tourists expect to find here a Spanish

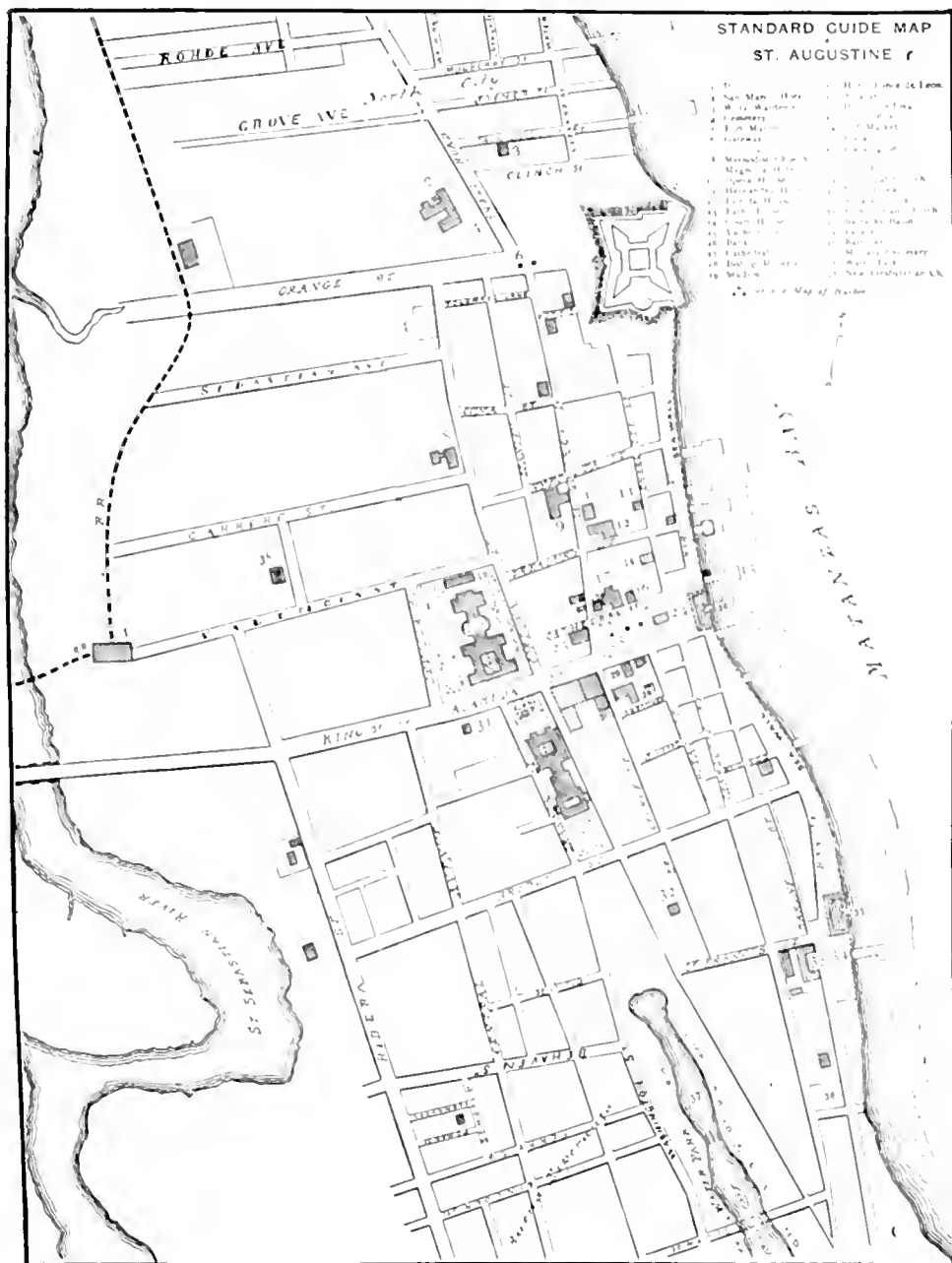


"THE OVERHANGING BALCONIES."
24 George Street.

population. They have a notion—zealously fostered by the stereotyped "Ancient City" letter in Northern newspapers—that inasmuch as St. Augustine was founded by the Spaniards there must be Spaniards here now. As a matter of fact, the swarthy Spaniard stalks through the streets no longer, save in the imagination of feminine correspondents, who send gushing screeds to their papers. The Spanish residents emigrated when Florida was ceded to the United States seventy-five years ago.

A portion of the native population, distinguished by dark eyes and dark complexions, is composed of the Minorcans, but they are now an inconspicuous part of the winter throngs. They have given place to the multitudes from abroad; as their ancient coquina houses are making

way for modern hotels and winter residences. In 1766, during the British occupation, a colony of Minorcans and Majorcans were brought from the Balearic Islands, in the Mediterranean Sea, to New Smyrna, on the Indian River, south of St. Augustine. Deceived by Turnbull, the proprietor of the plantation, and subjected to gross privation and cruelty, they at length appealed to the authorities of St. Augustine, were promised protection, deserted from New Smyrna in a body, came to St. Augustine, were defended against the claims of Turnbull, received an allotment of land in the town, built palmetto-thatched cottages, and remained here after the English emigrated.



The pathetic story of the Minorcans at New Smyrna and their exodus to St. Augustine has enlisted the sympathetic pen of more than one narrator. There is little reason for questioning the truth of the commonly accepted version, yet it is due to Dr. Turnbull to remember that this story, like every other, has two sides. Turnbull's side is given by his personal friend Dr. Johnson of Charleston, S. C., in his *Reminiscences of the American Revolution*. According to this authority the New Smyrna revolt was instigated by the British Governor's wife, in St. Augustine, who had been an old flame of Turnbull's in Scotland, and was impelled to her mischief-making among his indentured colonists by a motive no less powerful than the fury of a woman scorned. Most travelers have spoken kindly of the Minorcans in St. Augustine, from Latrobe in 1832, who gives a pretty picture of the fishermen's cottages, festooned with nets and roses, shaded by orange trees and hung round with cages of nonpareils and mockingbirds, to William Cullen Bryant in 1843, who described them as "a mild, harmless race, of civil manners and abstemious habits." Five years later, Rev. R. K. Sewall, then the rector of Trinity Church, published his *Sketches of St. Augustine*. Should you ever come upon a copy of this book, it will almost certainly be found that pages 39 and 40 are wanting; and inspection will show that the leaf has been cut out. The missing pages contained this reference to the Minorcans:

The present race were of servile extraction. By the duplicity of one Turnbull they were seduced from their homes in the Mediterranean and located at Smyrna, and forced to till the lands of the proprietors who had brought them into Florida for that purpose. After enduring great privation, toil and suffering, under the most trying circumstances of a servile state, they revolted in a body, regained their rights and maintained them. * * * Their women are distinguished for their taste, neatness and industry, a peculiar light olive shade of complexion, and a dark full eye. The males are less favored by nature and habit. They lack enterprise. Most of them are without education. Their canoes, fishing lines and hunting guns are their main source of subsistence. The rising generation is, however, in a state of rapid transition.—*R. K. Sewall, "Sketches of St. Augustine,"* pp. 39-40.

However big or little may have been the grains of truth in this description, the Minorcans had at least education enough to comprehend the uncomplimentary tone of Mr. Sewall's allusion to them; and when the edition of *Sketches* came to hand they showed their enterprise by mobbing the store where the books were, bent on the destruction of the whole lot. They were only restrained by a pledge, faithfully kept, that the obnoxious pages should be torn from every book.

Among the customs of the native land retained to a recent period by the Minorcans was the singing of a hymn in honor of the Virgin, by groups of young men who went about the streets serenading their friends, on the evening before Easter. This hymn, called the Fromajardis, was in the Mahonese dialect. It was handed down orally from one generation to another, and with what fidelity to the original may be inferred from this incident of Dr. Anderson's visit to Minorca in the summer of 1888, as related in a letter:

At sundown we stopped at a small village, which was as clean as a new pin, every house whitened to the last degree, and had a lunch of bread, cheese, oranges, cherries, and native wine—all the house afforded. As we rode along through the hills by the light of the pale new moon, I sang to the driver the "Fromajardis," as sung in St. Augustine. He seemed pleased and surprised, and said that he did not know that any foreign gentleman knew that song. I told the interpreter to tell him that over a hundred



FROM THE SEA-WALL

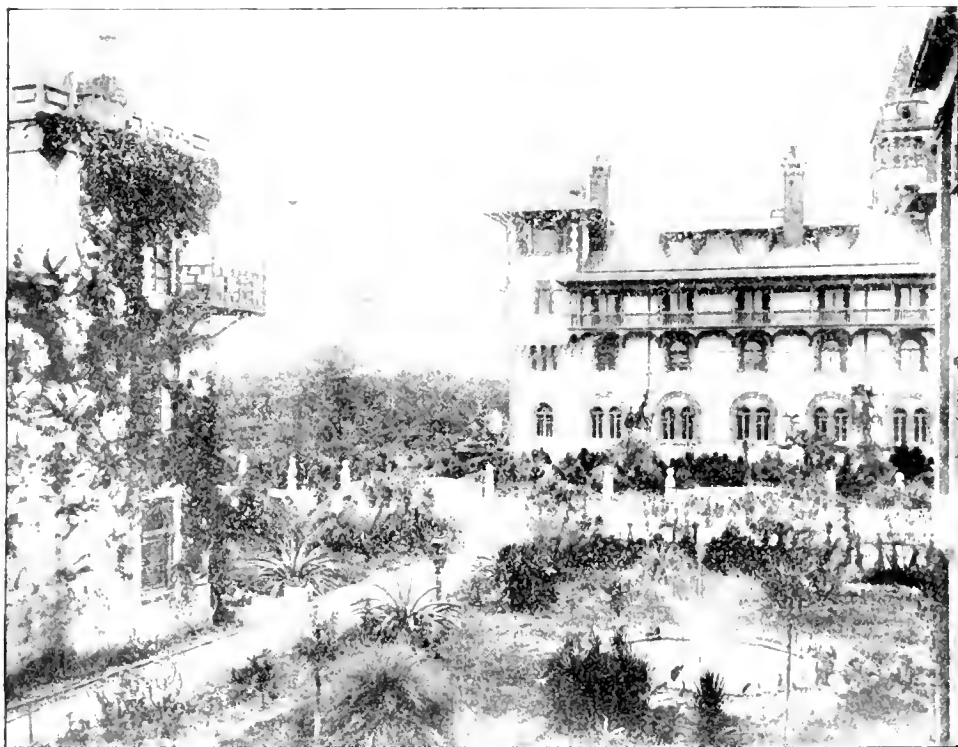
years ago that song was carried over the ocean, and now I brought it back among its native hills. He said it was not sung as much now as it was twenty years ago. Thus are old customs dying.

Song has wonderful vitality, and melody lives. The airs of French psalms sung by the Huguenots in Florida were heard among the Indians long after the death of Ribault at Matanzas. In suggestive contrast is the testimony of Jonathan Dickinson, shipwrecked on this coast in 1696, who records that the Indians hailed him with certain English words which they no doubt guilelessly believed to be salutations of good cheer, but which were epithets of abuse. It was all the English they knew.

The Fort, the gateway and the old houses are built of *coquina* (Spanish, signifying shellfish), a native rock found on Anastasia Island. It is composed of shells and shell fragments of great variety of form, color and size. Ages ago these were washed up in enormous quantities by the waves, just as masses of similar material are left now on the beach, where one may walk for miles through the loose fragments which, under favorable conditions, would in time form *coquina* stone. Cut off from the sea by intervening sand bars, these shell deposits are in course of time partially dissolved by rain water, and firmly cemented together in a compact mass of shell stone.

The new concrete building material is a composition of sand, Portland cement and shells. A wall is built by first setting boards up on edge, with a space between equal to the thickness of the wall; into this mould is poured a layer of concrete; as each layer hardens a new one is poured in on top of it, and successive layers are added to any required height. The wall is thus cast instead of being built; when completed it is one stone; indeed, the entire wall construction of a concrete building is one solid mass throughout—a monolith, with neither joint nor seam. The plastic material

lends itself most admirably to architectural and decorative purposes, and possesses the very important qualities of durability and immunity from destruction by fire. It was first employed in the Villa Zorayda, worthy of note because of the architectural design and the elaborate manner in which the owner-architect has successfully developed his plan of an oriental building as appropriate to the latitude of Florida.



THE NEW ST. AUGUSTINE.

The architecture throughout is Moorish, after sketches and photographs in Spain, Tangiers and Algiers. Above the front entrance is the inscription in Arabic letters: *Wa la ghalib illa lla*—"There is no conqueror but God,"—the motto which is everywhere reproduced on the escutcheons and in the tracery of the Alhambra.

Mahamad Aben Alahmar, the founder of the Alhambra, having participated with King Ferdinand in the conquest of Seville, returned to his dominions. "When the conqueror approached his beloved Granada, the people thronged forth to see him with impatient joy, for they loved him as a benefactor. They had erected arches of triumph in honor of his martial exploits, and wherever he passed he was hailed with acclamations as *El Ghalib*, or The Conqueror. Mahamad shook his head when he heard the appellation. '*Wa la ghalib illa lla*,' exclaimed he—There is no conqueror but God! From that time forward, he adopted this exclamation as a motto. He inscribed it on an oblique band across his escutcheon, and it continued to be the motto of his descendants."—*Irring, "The Alhambra."*

St. Augustine is popularly associated with tourist travel; it is famed for its hotels, and is thought of chiefly as a resort for those who find "the warmest welcome at an inn;" and these distinctions have quite overshadowed the characteristics of the town as a city of winter homes. There are numerous residences, pretentious or



TRANSFORMED ST. GEORGE STREET.

unassuming, which are occupied in the winter months by those who spend the summer North or West; and there will be more in the future as the advantages of such a mode of living shall become better appreciated. On the score of economy it is cheaper to live here in the winter than to remain in the North; and considerations of comfort are all with St. Augustine. They can never again be induced to undergo the restrictions and hardships of a shut-in winter in the North, who once have known the comfort and enjoyment of an open-window winter in St. Augustine, with the golden sunshine of the day, the delicious softness of the night air, the blue of the heavens, the white sails of the harbor, and the exultant song of the mockingbird.



THE BELFRY ON THE PLAZA.

The Memorial Presbyterian church, erected in 1889 by Mr. H. M. Flagler, is an elaborate structure, in the style of the Venetian Renaissance, and in wealth of exterior decoration surpasses any other building in St. Augustine. While the grace of form and outline is indicated in our engraving, it is manifestly impossible that any printed illustration should give a true conception of the richness and beauty to which color contributes so essential a part. This is all the more true when, as in the present instance, the color effects have not been left to hap-hazard, nor determined by the exigencies of the material employed; but have been carefully determined upon beforehand and selected, as was the design of the building itself, with intelligent reference to the site and its surroundings. To know what happy success has been achieved, one must study the Memorial church, and with pleased eye note the harmonious blending of its colors and its grateful contrasts,

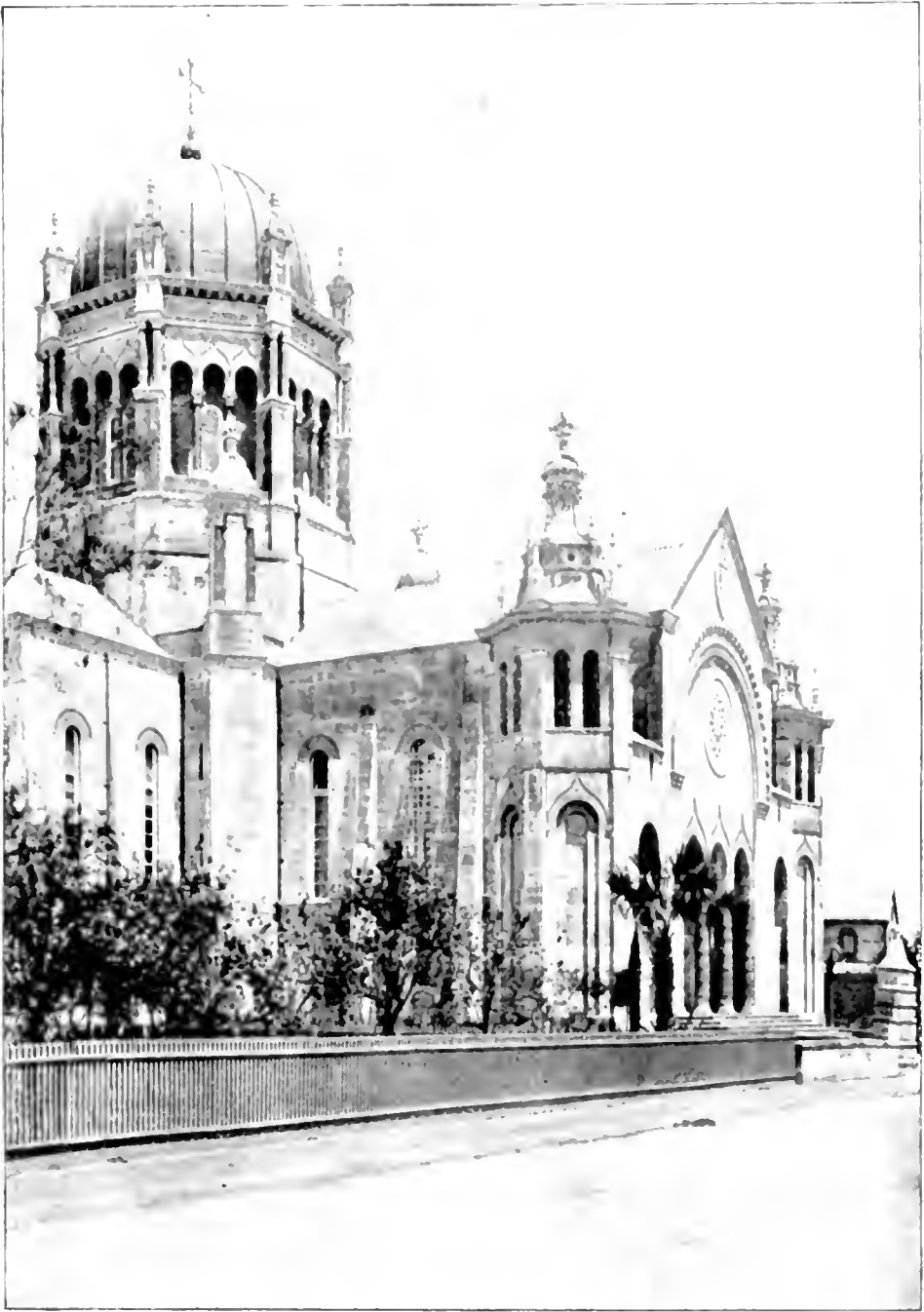
the pearl gray, the body color of the shell concrete, with the cream white of the terra cotta and the golden yellow of the brick work, the bronze finials, the great copper dome; and the Florida foliage and sunlight and sky to complete the charm of the picture.

Other changes have been made in ecclesiastical architecture, most noteworthy with respect to the Roman Catholic cathedral on the plaza. Destroyed by fire in 1887, it has been rebuilt, enlarged and beautified. The original façade has been retained and blends somewhat inharmoniously with the spire rising above it. There is in this something typical of that incongruity which characterizes the town,



From "Engineering and Building Record."

GRACE CHURCH.



THE MEMORIAL CHURCH

a combination of the ancient and the modern, the quaint and venerable and the painfully new.

Because of the pretty fable that the name Florida was given to a "Land of Flowers," and because the tropical features of the northern portion of the State have been grossly exaggerated, most persons who come to Florida in winter are apt to be disappointed when they find the floral display less profuse and brilliant than they anticipated. They forget that like the North, the South also has its seasons, which are marked in the same manner if in less degree. Spring is the time of bursting buds and blossoms, summer of luxuriant and maturing vegetation, autumn of the falling leaf; while in winter much of the Florida verdure is sere and brown, the deciduous trees are bare of leaves, and beneath the sombre drappings of "Spanish moss," as in the North beneath the sheet of snow, the earth rests and recuperates. There is yet abundance of foliage and color. Lemon, orange and lime, oleander, olive and magnolia, date palm, palmetto and bay are evergreen; rose gardens are in perennial bloom. The orange blossoms in the last of February or the first of March; the fruit ripens from November 15 to December 1, and will hang on the trees until the middle of the following May.

In recent years the town has taken on a new appearance and character. From a queerly built old city, whose foreign air piqued the curiosity of the chance visitor, and hinted at the vicissitudes of its "three centuries of battle and change," St. Augustine has become a fashionable winter resort, whose great hotels dominate the aspect of the surroundings, and in their luxury and magnificence have no equals in the world; it is the winter Newport, whose visitors are numbered by tens of thousands, whose private residences are distinguished for elegance and comfort. Year by year the city grows more beautiful, and with each innovation and transformation it adds anew to its attractiveness. The old has been supplanted by the new, yet St. Augustine preserves a distinctive character all its own, and there is now more than ever before about the old city an indefinable charm, which leads one's thoughts back to it again, and gladdens the face that is once more turned toward Florida and St. Augustine.

Can life anywhere else be like life in the Ancient City? Upon the first day thereof we are ready to swear you, Nay. Upon the one hundred and fifty-first I think we say, Amen.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*



A BIT OF OLD AUGUSTINE.

THE CITY GATEWAY.

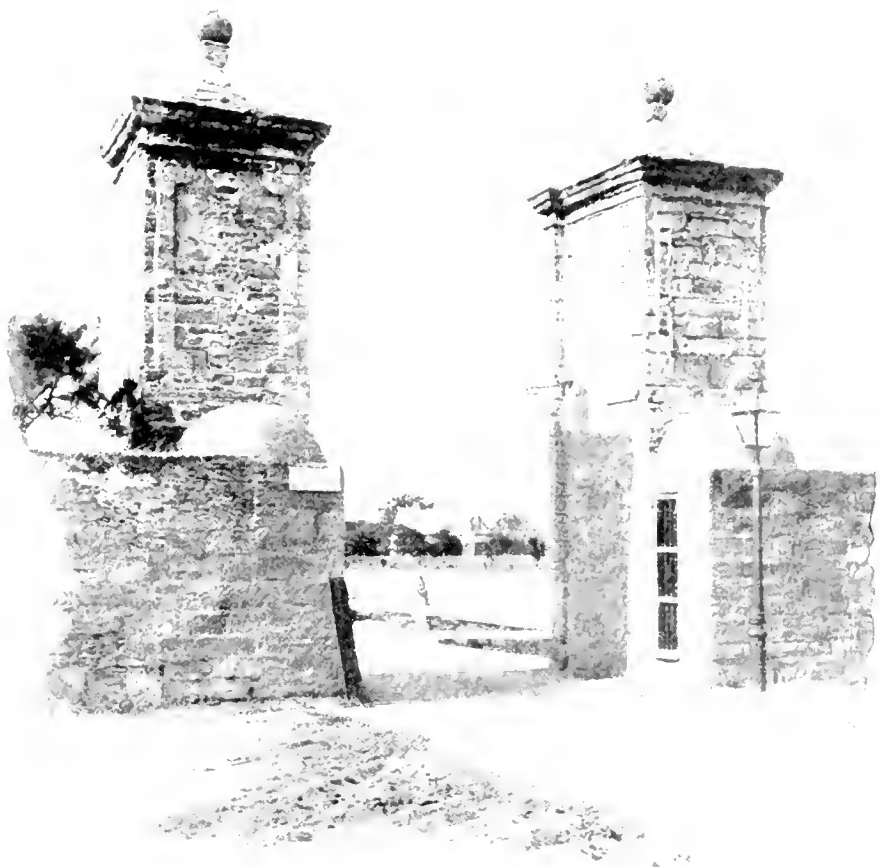
At the intersection of the streets.



LANDMARKS are rapidly disappearing from St. Augustine, but the pillars of the ancient city gateway still remain as notable monuments of the past. When first seen these towers are quite likely to be a disappointment, for their proportions are not so grand as they are often pictured. Moreover the gate has been outgrown and dwarfed; and it no longer possesses the advantage of a commanding position on the town's outskirts. Dwellings crowd close upon it, overtopping the towers; a huge hotel looms up beyond. Irreverence might even dub the gateway ridiculous.

But it was not always so. Inconsequential as may be these towers now, there was a time when they stood out bravely enough, and when in their security St. Augustine rejoiced. In those days they looked out upon an illimitable wilderness; the belated traveler hurried on to their shelter; and the town slept securely when the Barrier Gate was fast shut against the midnight approach of a foe from without. Stoutly their walls gave their strength when it was needed, and defended for the King of Spain his garrison town in Florida. They have witnessed many a narrow escape and many a gallant rescue. More than once have they trembled with the shock of assault, and more than once driven back the foe repulsed. To-day, dismantled and useless, out of keeping with the customs of the day and the spirit of the age, long since left behind by the outstretching town, the picturesque old ruins linger as cherished landmarks. Here we are on historic ground.

The gateway is the only conspicuous relic of the elaborate system of fortifications which once defended St. Augustine. The town being on a narrow peninsula running south, an enemy could approach by land only from the north. Across this northern boundary, east and west, from water to water, ran lines of fortification, which effectually barred approach. From the Fort a deep ditch ran across to the St. Sebastian; and was defended by a high parapet, with redoubts and batteries. The ditch was flooded at high tide. Entrance to the town was by a drawbridge across the moat and through the gate. Earthworks extended along the St. Sebastian River in the rear (west) of the town, and around to the Matanzas again on the south. The gate was closed at night. Guards were stationed in the sentry boxes. Just within the gate was a guard house, with a detachment of troops.



"LINGER AS CHERISHED LANDMARKS."

"When the sunset gun was fired, the bridge was raised, the gate was barred, and the guards took their station. Through the hours of the night—from fort to gate, from gate west along the parapet to redoubt Tolomato, from Tolomato to redoubt Centro, from Centro to redoubt Cubo on the San Sebastian; thence along the river to the farthest battery, and east to the extreme point of the peninsula; then north, past powder-house and barracks, on to the plaza, and so back to the watch towers of the fort again—went the challenge, *Centinela alerta!* and came the answer, *Alerta está!* When once the gate was closed, the belated wayfarer, be he citizen or stranger, must make the best of it without the town until morning." Only on extraordinary occasions were the bolts thrown back at night, as when some messenger might come with urgent dispatches for the Governor,—*Old St. Augustine*.

The line of the ditch and parapet may still be traced along Orange street; and the remains of some of the old earthworks are to be seen along the St. Sebastian.

Emerging from these solitudes and shades, we espied the distant yet distinct lights of the watch towers of the fortress of St. Augustine, delightful beacons to my weary pilgrimage. The clock was striking ten as I reached the foot of the drawbridge; the sentinels were passing the *al'z*; as I demanded entrance; having answered the preliminary questions, the drawbridge was slowly lowered. The officer of the guard, having received my name and wishes, sent a communication to the governor, who issued orders for my immediate admission. On opening the gate, the guard was ready to receive me, and a file of men, with their officer, escorted me to his Excellency, who expressed his satisfaction at my revisit to Florida.—*Voyage to the Spanish Main*, 1817.

The towers are very old. They had fallen into partial ruin so early as the beginning of the present century. In 1810, at the Governor's command, all the town's male inhabitants between 12 and 60 years of age were compelled to labor at the restoration of the gate and the other fortifications. At a later date the west tower was partially demolished and clumsily rebuilt. The stone causeway leading out from the gate is modern. The sentry boxes have recently been repaired and are now furnished with iron gratings to protect them from vandals who know no better than to chip off pieces of stone as relics. The material is coquina. The pillars are 25 feet in height, to the mouldings; and 10 feet deep; the flanking walls are 35 feet in length; roadway between the pillars, 12 feet. The walls were formerly provided with banquettes, or raised platforms on the interior, upon which the guard stepped to discharge his fire over the wall, with a single step regaining shelter.

Even the pillars of the city gate, which next to the fort are the chief memorials of Old St. Augustine, have barely escaped demolition at the hand of the vandal, for once upon a time, a contractor was assigned the work of building a stone causeway from the gate, in the place of the old drawbridge, which formerly crossed the ditch at that point; and being in need of coquina, this unworthy workman, laying violent hands on what was nearest, began to tear away the gateway pillars. Compelled to restore the plundered stone to its place, he botched the work, and in the clumsy restoration has left an enduring monument of his lazy shiftlessness.—*Old St. Augustine*.



RUINS OF GATEWAY—FROM THE NORTHWEST.

THE PLAZA.



PLEASING bit of greensward in the center of the town is the Plaza. It is a public park of shrubbery and shade trees, with monuments and fountains, an antiquated market place inviting one to loiter, and an outlook to the east over the bay and Anastasia Island to the sails of ships at sea. All this is the more charming to those who remember the Plaza—not so many years ago—when it was an unshaded, unkempt, uninviting waste of scanty turf and blowing sand. Long before those days it had been beautiful with orange trees, whose wonderful size and fruitfulness are yet among the town's traditions. The square is diminutive, but it is unconsciously magnified because of the contrast to the narrow streets whence one emerges upon its stretch of greensward.

The open structure on the east end of the Plaza is commonly pointed out as the "old slave pen," or "slave market," and it is sometimes alleged to have been of Spanish origin. It never was used as a "slave pen," nor as a "slave market," nor had the Spaniards anything to do with it, for they had left the country twenty years before it was built. The market (burned in 1887 and restored) was built in 1840; it was intended for a very prosaic and commonplace use, the sale of meat and other food supplies, and it was devoted to that use. A print of the town in 1848 shows the market thronged with men and women with baskets; and it is hardly worth while to point out that in those days purchasers did not carry home human chattels in baskets. The requirements of St. Augustine long since outgrew this primitive style of mart, and the Plaza market has become a lounging place where idlers bask in the sun and exchange gossip.

It was not until the influx of curiosity seeking tourists, after the Civil War that any one thought of dubbing the Plaza market a "slave pen" or "slave market." The ingenious photographer who labeled his views of the old meat market "slave pen" sold so many of them to sensation hungry strangers that he has since retired with a competence; and when he sets up a crest he will no doubt take for his arms a negro in chains, after the fashion of old John Hawkins, father of the British slave

trade. The "slave market," "Huguenot Cemetery" and "oldest house" yarns have been told so often to credulous visitors that there are now some residents of St. Augustine who actually almost believe the stories themselves. There have never been wanting strangers to give implicit belief to the tales, and forgetting all the romantic conflicts of the past waged here in St. Augustine, to stand and gape in



MOBING ON THE PLAZA
From a photograph taken in 1894

foolish wonder at the old market; just as in like manner, perhaps, if brought into the presence of a hero of a hundred fateful conflicts, they would ignore the splendid record of his valor and stand lost in vulgar contemplation of some such physical peculiarity as a wart on the nose.

There is the "Plaza de la Constitución" [it.], where the good Christians burnt their brethren a century ago. . . . In the center stands the curious old market place, . . . this was the ancient slave mart, where God's image, carved in ebony, was bought and sold in most ungodly fashion; there is the place where they stood ranged in rows like cattle in a pen, so that the purchasers might walk to and fro examining them from all points to see that they had their money's worth.—*Lady Puffus Hardy, "Down South."*

All of which is interesting chiefly because it shows us that in writing grotesque accounts of what he thinks he sees in this country the traveling Englishman can be outdone by his countrywoman. Nero is credited with having burned Christians in oil to light up his orgies; Lady Hardy appears ruthlessly to have made the St. Augustine "Christians burn their brethren," for no other reason than to light her page with a

dime novel glow. The list is long of writers on St. Augustine of whom it might be said that they would do better "not to know so much than to know so many things that aint so." Even Henry W. Longfellow wrote, in *Poems of Places*, that St. Augustine had "been many times ravaged by the French, Indians and Spanish;" but of not a one of these ravagings does history give us any account, unless we reckon as "French" the Boucaniers from Hispaniola, who came here in 1665 under the leadership of Admiral Davis, fell upon the town, drove out the inhabitants, sacked and burned the dwellings, and sailed away with little booty for their pains.

The park takes its name of Plaza de la Constitucion from the monument erected here by the Spaniards in 1813. This is a pyramid of coquina, stuccoed and white-washed, rising from a stone pedestal, and surmounted by a cannon ball. It is not a work of high artistic pretension, nor of very imposing proportions, but its history is curious. The existence of such a memorial here in the United States is incongruous, for it commemorates a minor event of European history.

In 1812, the Spanish Cortes completed the formation of a new and liberal constitution. In commemoration of this, monuments were erected in Spain and the Spanish provinces. Among others

Plaza de la Constitucion.

Promulgada en esta Ciudad de San
Agustin de la Florida Oriental en
17 de Octubre de 1812 siendo Goberna-
dor el Brigadier Don Sebastian Kin-
dalem Caballero del Orden de Santiago

Peira eterna memoria.

El Ayuntamiento Constitucional Erigio
este Obelisco dirigido por Don Fernando
de la Maza Arredondo el joven Regidor

Decano y Don Francisco Robira

Procurador Sindico.

Año de 1813

was this one in the province of Florida, the square then taking the name *Plaza de la Constitucion*. Finally, in 1814, the war for independence was brought to a successful termination; and Ferdinand VII., having pledged himself to support the new constitution, was recalled to the throne. Once in power, almost his first act was to repudiate the new constitution and declare it null and void. Throughout Spain and her American dependencies it was commanded that the monuments erected two years previously in commemoration of the constitution, should be destroyed. Notwithstanding the royal decree, this one in Florida was not torn down. The tablets were removed, but four years later (1818) were restored to their places, where they have remained ever since.—"*Old St. Augustine*," *Later Years*.

The Spanish inscription on the monument sets forth, as translated: "Plaza of the Constitution, promulgated in the city of St. Augustine, in East Florida, on the 17th day of October, in the year 1812; the Brigadier Don Sebastian Kindale, Knight of the Order of Santiago, being Governor. For eternal remembrance the Constitutional City Council erected this monument, under the superintendence of Don Fernando de la Maza Arredondo, the young municipal officer, oldest member of the corporation, and Don Francisco Robira, Attorney and Recorder. In the year 1813."

A second monument in the Plaza, erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association, commemorates the volunteers from St. Augustine and vicinity, who lost their lives in the Confederate service. The shaft is of coquina, and bears the inscriptions: "Our Dead. Erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of St. Augustine, Fla., A. D. 1872." "In Memoriam. Our loved ones who gave their lives in the service of the Confederate States." "They died far from the home that gave them birth." "They have crossed the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Originally, no doubt, the square was designed as a parade for the maneuvering of troops. On a map of the town in British times, given in *Old St. Augustine*, it is designated as "The Parade Ground." For this purpose it was employed so late as 1865, when the sunset dress-parade of the United States troops on the Plaza was—next to the daily arrival of the mail stage—the great event of the day.

Always a place of public assemblage, the Plaza has been the scene of two incidents which strikingly illustrate the curious vicissitudes of the town's history. The first of these was on that historic night in the year 1776 when the loyal British sub-

jects of King George III, came together here and burned in effigy two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The second one, nearly a hundred years later, was the Fourth of July gathering of the citizens of St. Augustine in mass meeting on the Plaza to applaud the reading of that Declaration, which had now a new meaning because cemented and made good by the tremendous conflicts, the priceless sacrifices of the Civil War.

A person of antiquarian tastes might find much of interest in the alterations which have been made during the last fifty years in the Plaza surroundings. The Alameda was originally a high-walled alley ten feet wide; another wall shut in the lot where the Post Office stands on the site

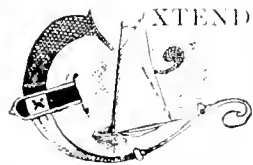


THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

of the old Governor's house, and another extended from St. George street east to the Cathedral, and then to Charlotte street, where in Spanish times stood the guard house.

Facing the Plaza on the west (St. George street) is the Post Office; the east end is open to the bay. On the south rises the spire of Trinity Church; and on the north St. Joseph's Cathedral. The edifice was completed in 1791, burned in 1887 and rebuilt and enlarged in 1887-88. One of the original bells bears the inscription, "SANCTE JOSEPH ORA PRO NOBIS D 1682." It has been claimed that this bell is the oldest on the continent; it may be the most ancient within the limits of the United States; it antedates by three years the famous bell in the Dutch church at Tarrytown, N. Y., which bears the date 1685. The Cathedral is not old when compared with numerous other church edifices in this country; it is, for example, nearly a hundred years more modern than the Tarrytown church referred to.

THE SEA-WALL.



EXTENDING from the water-battery of Fort Marion south along the water front of the town to the United States barracks, stands a sea-wall of coquina capped with New England granite. It affords a necessary protection against the encroachment of the sea. The site of St. Augustine is so low that under certain conditions of wind and tide the waves would inundate much of the town. In heavy east storms the water dashes over the top of the wall. The need of such a barrier against the sea was recognized at an early time. There is a touch of the humorous side of history in the spectacle of Spain, having chosen this bit of Florida soil for a town, building first a huge fort to defend it from invaders, and then a great wall to protect it from the inroads of the sea. The records tell us that the soldiers volunteered their labor and contributed part of their pay toward the construction of the first sea-wall. They were wise enough in their day and generation to understand that if the town were swept away their lazy occupation of garrisoning it would tumble into the sea along with it. The first wall extended only to the center of the town; a plan of the town at the time of the British occupation, given in *Old St. Augustine*, shows that the wall then terminated at the Plaza.

The present wall was built by the United States, in 1835-42, as a complement to the repairs of Fort Marion, at an expense of \$100,000. Length, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile; height, 10 feet; width of granite coping, 3 feet.

At different points stairways descend to the boat landings at water level; and near the Plaza and the Barracks are recesses or basins where boats unload their freight and find shelter from storms.

From the wall a charming prospect is afforded of the sail-dotted harbor, the shimmering sand dunes of the beach, the green stretch of Anastasia with the lighthouse rising against the eastern sky, and the quivering mirage north and south. The wall itself harmonizes admirably with the fort, and its sweeping curves add not a little to the beauty of St. Augustine's water front, although the effect has been marred by interposition of numerous wharves. Writers of the Sidney Lanier school have not failed to extol the sea-wall as a promenade for the moonlight strolls of lovers; there is also revealed at every low tide abundant ocular evidence that from time immemorial prosaic souls (possibly the same lovers grown old) have found "over the sea-wall" a convenient dumping ground for old bottles, tin cans and other household refuse.

THE HOTEL PONCE DE LEON.



IT HAS ever been the fashion in describing St. Augustine to lay emphasis on the Spanish character of the town. With the one exception of the fort, however, no specially notable example of Spanish architecture was to be found here. The streets were as narrow and irregular as those of Toledo, and the houses were small and bare. The Spanish Governor's residence, the Franciscan convent and the cathedral have been made much of; but they owed their distinction to greater size, rather than to any beauty of design or adornment, to set them apart from the prevailing style of buildings, whose severity of type they followed. Though the town was during successive reigns the most important holding of Spain in North America, the Governor's residence reflected none of the magnificence of the Royal Palace of Madrid. The convent had nothing suggestive of the richly endowed monastic institutions in Spain, as, for instance, that of San Agustín, renowned for its Murillos and its superb memorials of the Ponce de Leon family. The cathedral had no nave like that of Santa María the pride of Leon, no windows of glass painted by a Holanda, no railings carved by an Andino, nor plate wrought by a Vandalino. Florida yielded to Spanish gold seekers no treasure for the building of massive cathedrals like that founded by Cortez on the site of the Temple of the Montezumas in Mexico. Throughout the entire period of its rule from Madrid, the town appears to have been always poor, as the Boucamers found it in the middle of the seventeenth century. There are no records of any former architectural magnificence.

And yet no natural conditions were wanting. The sky above St. Augustine arches as delicately blue and soft as that of Seville; the sunlight here is as warm and as golden as that which floods the patios of Spanish Alcazars; the Florida heavens are as radiantly brilliant by night and the full moon floats as luminous above the southern Atlantic coast as where the pinnacles and minarets of Valencia glitter in its beams on the Mediterranean shore. Add to these natural adaptations the historic associations, all of which were of Spain and the Spaniards, and there is little room for wonder that when strangers came here they looked for some architectural monuments, other than gloomy fortifications, to commemorate the dignity and pride of the ancient Spanish rule. Position, climate, history—here were the possibilities. They waited only an appreciative recognition, to which should be added the purpose and the means to prove them. In due time that recognition came.

Among those who as tourists found their way to St. Augustine, not many winters ago, was Mr. Henry M. Flagler of New York. He recognized the possibilities of the place, and happily resolved to make them good. His scheme for doing this was generous and far-reaching. It provided for nothing less than the building of a palace, with towers, courts, fountains, loggias and cool retreats, to be set amid appropriate surroundings, in design to embody the beauties of Spanish architecture, with decoration suggestive of the history of Florida and St. Augustine, and every detail of construction, adornment and appointment befitting its position here in the city, whose patent had come three centuries ago from the sovereign of the proudest dominion on the globe. The projected structure was not to have the seclusion of a private home, but as a hotel it should give greater impress to the town. Built within sound of the surf on the Florida shore first sighted by Ponce de Leon, and with towers overlooking the sea, it should be called in honor of that redoubtable knight and discoverer, whose romantic quest made his name typical of the adventurous and chimerical spirit of his age. And as the bastions and watchtowers of Fort Marion were significant of the military prowess of the sixteenth-century Spain—the Spain of Philip II. and Menendez, so this new structure, the Hotel Ponce de Leon, should in the beauty and harmony of its parts, furnish a token of that other Spain, the mother of artists and architects and cunning craftsmen. A beautiful dream this; and one, perhaps, not undreamt before; but if it had come to others, it was only as the baseless fabric of a castle in the air, whose lovely vision had flushed in the rosy light of imagination and then dissolved into unreality, as the glory of the Southern sunset so quickly merges into night. It was the happy fortune of this dreamer to transform the shadowy pleasure-dome of fancy into substantial, concrete reality.

The architects to whom the scheme was imparted and the execution of it intrusted, caught its spirit and entered upon their task with the enthusiasm born of a ready sympathy. The style most appropriate was manifestly to be sought in the architecture of Spain, and must be Spanish, not Moorish. For between the Spaniards and the Moors in Spain burned the race feuds of centuries, and Spanish architects abhorred Moorish forms. If then its spirit and purpose were to be carried out, the Hotel Ponce de Leon must not share the "plaster glories" of the Alhambra, its models must embody creations distinctively Spanish. Selection was made of the Spanish Renaissance, and this was well chosen, for it was that style whose development coincided with the most glorious period of Spanish history. It was in the ever memorable age when the Moors had been expelled from Granada and all Spain was united under Ferdinand and Isabel, when Spanish explorers were conquering America, into the treasury of Spain was flowing the wealth of the Indies, and the empire was at the zenith of opulence and power—that Spanish architecture found its highest expression in Renaissance forms. It was in the epoch-making years when Columbus gave to Ferdinand and Isabel a new world, that Diego de Siloe planned the Cathedral of Granada, in whose magnificent Capilla Real the sculptured effigies of those sovereigns repose. While Cortez and Pizarro were looting the Sun temples and in their greed obliterating the monuments of civilizations in Mexico and Peru,

Spanish architects were building cathedrals and universities and royal courts, Vandelvira at Jaen, Pedro Gumiel at Alcala in Aragon, and Mechuca and Berreguete at Granada. The beginning of the Spanish Renaissance, too, was in the years of Ponce de Leon and the discovery of Florida; its glory had not passed when our old Florida town was established. None more fitly chosen then; nor unless architectural style be wholly meaningless could the purpose of the hotel architects have been so well attained with any other. And since history is so largely a chronicle of wars and conquests, and the records of the early years of St. Augustine have in them so much that is dark and cruel and forbidding in Spanish character, we ought to be grateful both for the generous enterprise which planned this architectural adornment of the city, and for the good taste which has embodied in that adornment a reminder of the brighter qualities of the Spanish race, its genius and its art.

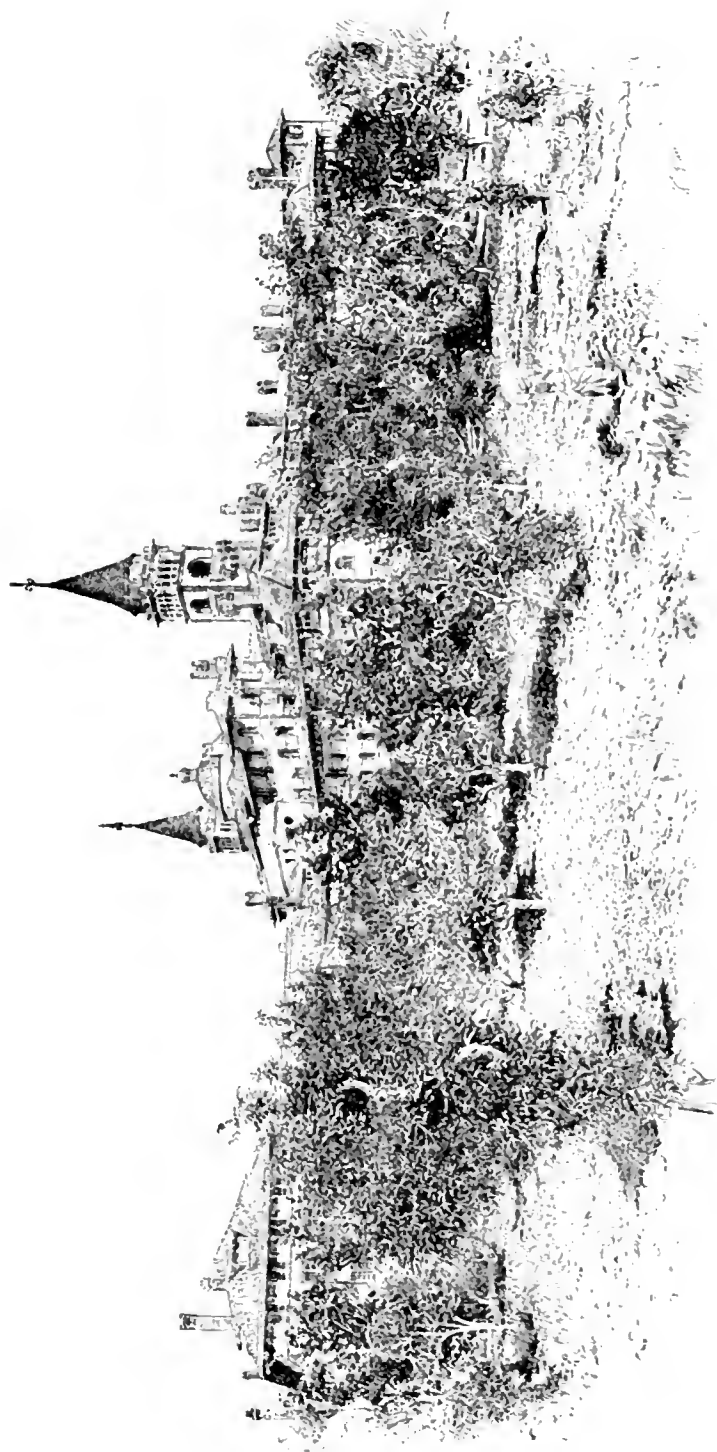
The grounds chosen as a site were those which will be readily identified by former visitors, when it is stated that they included the Anderson and Ball estates. These were and are the most beautiful in St. Augustine, with groves of orange and lemon, moss-hung lanes, orange archways, mulberries, magnolias and myrtles, palms and palmettos, lawns, hedges and rose gardens. Amid these surroundings has risen the Hotel Ponce de Leon, imposing in magnitude, graceful in proportions, beautiful in design and exquisite in the profusion and richness of its decorative details.

The general arrangement of the hotel is shown in the illustration on page 29. The main structure is built on three sides of a quadrangular court, on the fourth side of which extends a one-story portico, with a gateway in the center. The frontage on the Alameda is 380 feet, the depth on Cordova street 520 feet. The inclosed court is 150 feet square. The main building with the court covers an area of four and one-half acres, the dining hall and the other buildings one and one-half acres more. The towers rise 165 feet against the sky. The hotel has 450 rooms. These are figures of magnitude; and yet so beautiful is the composition, so true are the proportions, so varied the outlines, that the vast size is not at first comprehended nor thought of. Only after familiarity do we gain a conception of the magnificent distances. Moreover, simply to regard it as a great inn, even though as one unsurpassed for elegance and luxury, is to take an inadequate view of the Ponce de Leon. A vast caravansary indeed, but first and chiefly an example of architectural design, commanding admiration and repaying careful study; its qualities to be appreciated aright only by those who can estimate them by some other measure than the ordinary American standards of bigness and cost.

As we approach the hotel, attention is first attracted to the graceful towers, then to the great dome and its copper lantern, and then to the broad roofs with their red crinkled tiles and their dormer windows, the porticoes, loggias, and the corner turrets carried up into low towers with open galleries and overhanging roofs.

The main material is the shell concrete, which has been described in the foregoing chapter; and the hotel thus partakes of the monolithic character of concrete buildings. Brick is used in the arches and window jambs; and the corbels, balconies and ornaments are of terra-cotta.

The color effects are in the highest degree pleasing. The prevailing tint is the



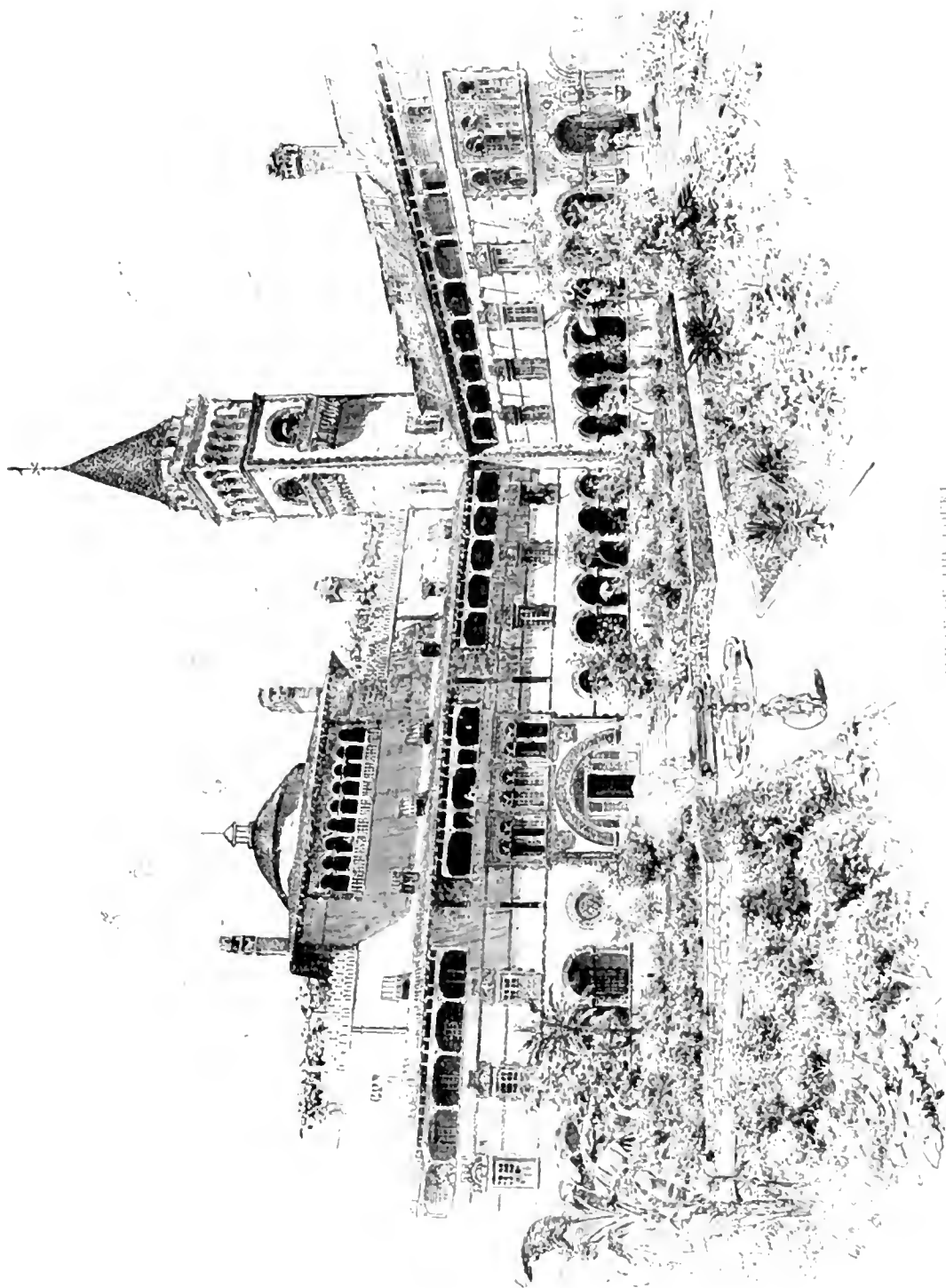
—SIT AMID GRANGE GLOVE—

delicate pearl-gray of the concrete, which turns to a blue in the shadows, and serves most admirably to set off the red brick work, the bright salmon of the terra-cotta, and the glowing red of the Spanish roof tiles. The shades harmonize deliciously. It is worth while, too, to note the entire absence of paint, and that the color effects of the exterior are all secured by the inherent shades of the materials of construction. This rule likewise prevails in the court, which, in keeping with the Spanish Renaissance style, is more highly decorated than the outer walls; and again in the marbles and woodwork of the interior.

From no point of view are the external forms and colors other than pleasing; there are no blank sheer walls, nor any unfinished sides to hide; everywhere is completeness, and everywhere dignity and grace of outline. Thus viewed from without, the hotel is a structure whose architectural merits are not fully comprehended on the instant. The effects vary with the hours; all day long the changing lights and the play of the shadows reveal new combinations of beauty, and when illuminated at night the hotel is still a delight to the eye. For the Ponce de Leon, it must be remembered, is a true work of art, and like every creation of cultivated taste, it improves with study, and growing on one commands renewed admiration the longer it is contemplated.

If this is true of the general impression, when one looks upon it from the Alameda, or from the west through the green foliage of orange and oak, much more is it true when we come to study the details of construction and decoration within. As we have said, the dream of the projector of this palatial structure did not end with the erection of a richly appointed and luxurious hotel; his purpose reached beyond this and demanded that as the shell material of the walls was found here on Anastasia Island, and the hotel was in its very structure to be of St. Augustine, so in their decoration the walls should speak as with a thousand tongues of Spanish St. Augustine and its storied past. The architects and artists spent two years in perfecting these details; and how successfully their task has been accomplished will be seen on a closer examination. We shall miss a full appreciation of the merits of their work, unless we bear constantly in mind the historical theme they have sought to illustrate; the significance of the adornments are not to be comprehended by one who is ignorant of or wholly indifferent to the chronicles of St. Augustine.

The historic symbolism of the decoration is to be observed at the very gateway of the court. The entrance, in the center of the one-story portico, on the Alameda, is designated by two independent gateposts, on each one of which, carved in high relief, is a lion's masque. It is the heraldic lion of Leon, that sturdy Spanish town which so long and so bravely withstood the Moors; and an emblem, too, of the doughty warrior, Juan Ponce de Leon, proclaimed in his epitaph "a lion in name and a lion in heart." These posts have highly finished capitals in Spanish Renaissance patterns. The full centered arch of the gateway is surmounted by a heavy overhanging roof; and in the deep eaves of the gateway are arched panels filled with arabesques and tracery in richly-tinted faience. Above, repeated in the spandrels of the panel arches, is the stag's head, the sacred totem of Seloy.



FROM THE GATEWAY OF THE COURT.

Without the council hall, aloft on its staff was the effigy of an antlered stag, looking out over the ocean toward the sunrise. For annually, at the coming of spring, the people of Seloy selected the skin of a huge deer, stuffed it with choicest herbs and decked it with fruits and flowers; and then bearing it with music and song to the appointed spot and setting it up on its lofty perch, consecrated it as a new offering to the Sun god, that because of it he might smile upon the fields and fructify the planted seed and send to his children an abundant harvest—*Old St. Augustine, "The Huguenots in Florida."*

Passing beneath the raised portcullis of the gateway and through the portico, we enter the fountain court, a delicious mass of foliage in many shades of green, with tropical plants, waving plumes, brilliant flowers, and a fountain plashing in the center. On the north side of the court, directly opposite the gateway, is the grand entrance; and in the centers of the wings, east and west, are other entrances. From the gateway and the entrances walks converge to the fountain in the center, and are intersected by another circular walk, which runs around the court. The whole area is thus divided into garden terraces of geometric patterns, after the Spanish manner. The court is surrounded by arcades, whose pillars and arches give them the character of cloistered walks. Rooms open upon the arcades, vines clamber over their arches, and easy chairs invite to repose. The ranges of windows in the second story are broken, in the spaces above the doorways, by arched open balconies; and around the third story, just beneath the overhanging roof, is a continuous loggia, whose carved woodwork is in pleasant contrast with the masonry. Still higher, in the great red roofs, are the rows of dormer-windows, giving a cosy, home-like character to the whole composition, and suggesting swallows under the eaves, although there are no swallows here. The central dome of the main building is one of the distinguishing features of the Spanish Renaissance, and the open arcaded story at the top was with the architects of that period a favorite device to secure lightness and deep shadows.

Turn which way we will in the court, there are charming combinations of light and shade; the general effect is restful; there are cool inviting vistas everywhere. Here, where the sun shines in winter as in summer, the architects have improved every opportunity to make the most of shadow effects; and the overhanging roofs, affording grateful shade, are repeated again and again.

From the gateway of the court the majestic towers are seen for the first time in their full proportions. The towers are square, with a balustrade about the top, and from the upper platform is carried up a round tower, with high conical roof, surmounted by an elaborate metal finial. Each side of the square tower is pierced near the top with an arched window, opening upon a flat corbelled balcony, with a low projection. These windows remind us of the balconies of Mohammedan mosques; and from them, at morning, noon or nightfall, we might almost expect to hear the muezzin's call to prayer. Above these windows is an open gallery of observation. The massive and donjon character, which towers of this magnitude might easily have, has been entirely avoided, and their chief characteristic, considering the size, is an airy lightness entirely in keeping with the remainder of the composition. The shadow and color combinations, as the eye follows the stately tower to the bright metal tip, 165 feet against the blue sky, are changeful and effective.

Crossing the court, past the fountain—which is a well-ordered combination of

marble, stone and terra-cotta, the shaft being of terra-cotta inlaid with marble mosaics, surrounded with grotesque frogs and turtles and other water creatures in the basins, all spouting water in different directions—we approach the grand entrance. This is a full-centered arch, twenty feet wide. Around the face of the arch, in a broad band, carved in relief on a row of shields, a letter to a shield, runs the legend, *Ponce de Leon*. Garlands depend from the shields, which are supported by mermaids. This is another suggestion of the sea as the source whence came the shell composite of the hotel walls; and also of the sea as the field of his achievements whose name is here inscribed. The suggestion is further emphasized in the shell-patterned diaper in the spandrels of the arch, and yet again in the marine devices of the coats-of-arms on the two shields. To complete the composition of the doorway, there are above the main arch six small full-centered arches, in pairs, carried on spirally-fluted columns. About each pair of arches is an elaborate belt moulding, which is also carried down in vertical lines on each side of the main door, terminating in corbels at the springing line of the arch. On either side of the door is a circular window of stained-glass of geometric pattern.

The other entrances, on the east and west, should have attention before we leave the court. In the wall, on each side of the doorway, is a deep fountain niche, with the top carried up into pinnacles, which give fine shadow effects. The water issues from the mouth of a dolphin. Above the door, in the key of the arch, is a shield with a shell device, and medallions with Spanish proverbs occupy the spandrels. As in the main entrance, the composition of the doorway is completed by arched openings above; the arches are carried on similar spirally-fluted columns, and there are elaborate belt mouldings. The dolphins of the fountain niches have special appropriateness; they are not only typical of the sea, but have a local significance as well, for the bay of St. Augustine once bore the name River of Dolphins, given it by Laudonnière, the Huguenot captain, who anchored his ships here in 1564 (see p. 75). The allusion to the sea, in the dolphins and the shells, is a motive repeated again and again throughout the hotel; even the door-knobs are modeled after shells.

The garlands and Cupids on the window caps and the other decorations and ornaments of the court deserve a more minute description, but their elaborateness and profuseness forbid more than just an indication of them. The amount of wall space is so enormous that it was impossible to treat all the surfaces with like richness; this led the architects to distribute the ornamentation and make it very rich, thus forming the most happy contrasts, really producing all the effect that it was possible to obtain, and avoiding the fault of over-decoration.

Standing in the doorway of the main entrance and looking through the pillars of the vestibule to the caryatides of the rotunda, and beyond them to the marble columns at the entrance of the dining hall, we begin to have some conception of how rich and palatial is the hotel. The vestibule opens upon a corridor, surrounding a rotunda which occupies the great central space of this main building. On the right a broad hall leads past the hotel office to various public rooms; another on the left leads to the ground parlor; and directly opposite, a broad marble stairway ascends to the dining hall. The pavement of vestibule, corridor and rotunda is a mosaic of tiny

bits of marble, laid in Renaissance manner. The wainscoting of the vestibule is of choice Numidian marbles imported from Africa; that of the corridor is of quartered oak. Marble fireplaces of generous dimensions give an air of welcome, and all the suggestions are of hospitality and comfort.

In composition and decoration the rotunda is a marvel of grace and beauty. The immense dome is supported by four massive piers and eight pillars of oak, carved into caryatides of life size, cut from the solid quartered wood, and terminating in fluted shafts. The sylph-like figures have laughing, mischievous faces, and a wondrous semblance of life. They are in groups of four, standing back to back; and so graceful are the forms, so light and airy the poses, we forget the tremendous weight they are supporting. The rotunda is four stories in height, forming arcades and galleries at each story whose arches and columns are of different designs. These galleries overhang each other, and are supported by decorated vaults forming penetrations. The effect is most pleasing, as one looks up through the entire open space, to the great circular penetration in the vault of the dome, sixty-eight feet above.

While the decorations here are true to the Spanish Renaissance style, the motives for them have been found in the Spain and the Florida of the sixteenth century; the symbolism is of the spirit of that age and the impulses which then held sway. Painted on the pendentives of the cove ceiling of the second story, are seated female figures typical of Adventure, Discovery, Conquest and Civilization. Four other figures, which are standing, represent the elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water. The paintings are in oil on a silver ground; the colors are rich and varied, and the accessories chosen with excellent taste. In the four subjects last named the composition is completed with arabesque figures of appropriate designs; and the several backgrounds are scattered with distinctive emblematic devices.

Adventure wears a cuirass and in her helmet an eagle's crest. She holds a drawn sword. The pose is eager and alert; the features and the bearing denote reckless enterprise, courage, readiness to encounter peril, and the resolution which overcomes. The emblems on the background are arrows radiating in different directions.

Discovery is robed in drapery whose blue is the blue of the sea. In her right hand is held a globe, the other rests upon a tiller. The pose of the head and the far reaching gaze are as if with swelling heart she were surveying the outstretched expanse of a newly-revealed continent. The emblems are sails.

Conquest, clad in martial red, with helmet and cuirass of mail, firmly grasps an upright sword, significant of might and war-won supremacy. The look in her face is of exultant mastery, grim consciousness of power, and a purpose inexorable. On the background are daggers.

Civilization is clothed in white and wears a crown. In her lap is an open book, the symbol of knowledge. Her face has the repose of dignity and benevolence. The background reveals the repeated figure of the cross, suggesting the civilizing influences of Christianity.

Earth is represented as of dark complexion and is clad in robes of russet. She extends a horn of plenty, overflowing with fruits and the bounties of the earth; and by gracefully floating ribbons holds captive two peacocks, the most gorgeous birds of

the earth, as distinguished from those of the air. Snails are the devices on the background.

Air is an ethereal form, with winged heels, fair hair and diaphanous drapery of a very pale blue tint which fades at times almost into absence of color. One hand restrains the flight of two magnificent eagles, and in the other are lightly held dandelion-downs, ready at a breath to spring into the air and float away on the zephyrs. This is one of the most charming conceits in the whole scheme of decoration. The emblems on the background are dragon-flies and butterflies.

The figure of *Fire*, auburn-haired and clothed in drapery of glowing red, stands amid tongues of flame and holds on high a blazing torch. The arabesques are salamanders, embodying the only life fabled to live in fire. The emblems are flames.

In sharp contrast with these brilliant hues are the marine tints which predominate in the pictured fancy of *Water*. She is fair-skinned and fair-haired; her robes are of a very pale green and white; and she stands in a shell to which sea-mosses are clinging. With ribbons she controls two prancing sea-horses, emblematic of the ocean's restlessness and might. On the background are starfishes.

The decorations in the penetrations are lyres with swans on either side. The lyres are surmounted alternately by a masque of the Sun god of the Florida Indians, and by the badge of the most illustrious order of Spanish knighthood, the Golden Fleece, depending from its flint-stone surrounded by flames of gold. Where this appears, the design of the border is the Collar of the Golden Fleece, the chain of double steels interlaced with flint-stones.

Below in the spandrels of the corridor arches is seen the stag's head, barbaric emblem of sun-worshipping Seloy. Shields bear the arms of the present provinces of Spain, and on cartouches are emblazoned the names of the great discoverers of America. Cornucopias are favorite forms here, as elsewhere throughout the hotel.

The decorations do not end with this story. The upper dome is modeled in high relief; around its base dances a band of laughing Cupids; between these figures are circular openings; and the vault above is all modeled with delicate tracery of pure white and gold effects; casques and sails signify the military and maritime achievements of Spain; and the crown of the dome is surrounded with eagles.

A broad stairway of marble and Mexican onyx leads from the corridor to a landing, from which is entered the passage leading to the dining hall. In delightfully antique letters set in mosaic in the floor of the landing, is the aptly chosen verse of welcome, taken from Shenstone:

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

From this landing, stairways of oak lead to the rotunda and halls above. The wainscoting of the stairways is of Verona and pink Numidian marble; and above this, set in the walls, in frames of oak, are two paintings, "The Landing of Columbus," and "The Introduction of Christianity to the Huns by Charlemagne." The passage to the doors of the dining hall is beneath a beautifully chiseled arch of Verona

marble, of a deep red color; and in the spandrels are mosaic patterns of Numidian, Verona and Sienna marbles, and African and Mexican onyx. A font-shaped balcony projects above, supporting a musicians' gallery, which overlooks both the rotunda and the dining room. This balcony is of Verona marble, and the railing is delicately carved in oak. Here again note that the effects of elegance and richness are not secured by surface paint, but by the employment of materials in which those qualities are inherent.

The dimensions of the dining hall are magnificent. It has an area of 90 by 150 feet; and there are seats for 800 guests. The main hall, 90 feet square, is divided from two semi-circular alcoves on the east and west ends by rows of oak columns. These columns support a great elliptical barrel-vault, and the clerestory is pierced with stained-glass windows, forming penetrations. The ceiling is 36 feet measured from the floor to the apex of the vault. The rounded ends of the alcoves have great bay-windows. Two musicians' galleries overhang the hall, one on the north and one on the south. In its wealth of adornment this hall is the pride and masterpiece of the hotel. Beauty of form, which everywhere charms the eye, is supplemented by richness and harmony of color, and these in turn by the good taste shown in the choice of themes for the decoration. Of the work which has here been lavished, on every side, by loving hands, no just appreciation can be had except after repeated study of the details, and no description of it can be made fully intelligible without the aid of illustrations. The light is mellowed in its passage through the stained-glass windows of the clerestory and through the magnificent masses of stained and clear leaded glass which make up almost the entire ends of the rounded extensions. The prevailing shade is a creamy yellow, variety being secured by the different colors employed in the decorations.

On each end, north and south, of the central hall is a high wainscoting in antique oak of choice grains. Above this, on a ground of blue green, is a panel of dancing Cupids, with roguish faces and outstretched hands, representing the feast; some extend clusters of luscious grapes, and bread and cups of wine in welcome to the guests, while others ladle steaming *olla* from great Spanish *calderons*. On the wall above are pictured ships of Spain, with sails full set and gracefully waving streamers and pennants; they are the high-pooped Spanish caravels of the sixteenth century, just such vessels as that in which came Ponce de Leon to Florida in his search for the fountain. In the key of the arch over the musicians' balcony is a shield bearing an heraldic device, with legend, "P de L.—1885—1887." Dancing girls support the shield, and outside of these are figures of Fame blowing trumpets. Four mermaids, one in each corner, support the border which goes over the ends of the ceiling. On the yellow surface of the vault are delicate arabesques traced in various colors and gold and silver.

On the pendentives between the stained-glass windows, allegorical paintings represent the Four Seasons. They are female figures, winged to typify their rapid flight; and the two different fancies present a dual conception of each subject. In grace of form not less than in their admirable color effects these paintings are as worthy of careful study as were those of the rotunda. For his colors the



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artist has gone to nature. The pale draperies of *Spring* reflect the delicate green shades of the fresh May foliage; in one fancy she is pictured as sowing grain; in the other she holds spring flowers and a branch with bursting buds. The draperies of the figures of *Summer* are bright with color; in one fancy the accessories are a sheaf of wheat and a sickle; in the other luxuriant summer verdure. *Autumn* is given russet robes; one figure with bunches of purple grapes represents the vintage; the other dancing, with a tambourine, the merry-making of the harvest home. In the paintings of *Winter* the colors are rich and warm; the two aspects of the season here depicted are its hardships and its festivities; the first figure, warmly clad, with bright scarf and closely muffled hood, bears an axe and a bundle of fagots; the other partially draped is bringing in the boar's head.

In the ceiling, on a becoming ground of gold, are seen Spanish proverbs, pithy saws and admonitions to the guests below. Among them are these: *Change of pasture makes fat calves.*—*The ass that brays most eats least.*—*Old friends and old wines are the best.*—*Good wine needs no bush.* To these might well have been added that saying current among the Spaniards, in which is expressed their affectionate esteem of St. Augustine—*Never an olla without bacon nor a sermon without St. Augustine.*

The chief decorative design in the flat ceiling of the alcoves gives a concise historical summary in the form of a pictograph. The general scheme is an adaptation of the picture-writing of the American Indians—that system of hieroglyphics cut in the wasting bark of trees, or carved on the face of the enduring rock, there to remain long after the tribes whose exploits they recounted should have been swept from the earth. The primitive characters were simple and rude, but to the initiated they were as full of meaning as to us the glowing pages of the printed book. Now, to the deft artist give for a worthy theme the romantic history of Florida and St. Augustine; and let it be required of him to chronicle the story in picture-writing after the Indian style, but in characters refined and dignified and given symmetry and beauty of color—and you have the record as it is written here in letters of brown on a gold background. The theme was deserving of treatment as by one who loves his art, and in such fashion indeed has it been done. Here, sweeping along under full sail, is a Spanish galleon, the ship of Ponce de Leon, the first that came to these shores. May it not have been that in the eventful year of 1512, some Indian here in the village of Seloy recorded on a palmetto trunk the strange vision of this same ship? Other caravels mark the expeditions of Pamphilo de Narvaez, in 1527, and Hernando de Soto, in 1539. Ships with all sail set signify a successful voyage; dismasted hulks stand for disaster and shipwreck; several ships together a large fleet; forts a permanent settlement; the several nationalities are designated by their distinctive heraldic devices—the *Fleur-de-lis* of France for the Huguenots, the Lion and Castle of Spain for Menendez. A sword, skulls and crossbones commemorate the pitiful death of Jean Ribault and his fellows at Matanzas; a hand holding a dagger, and the *Fleur-de-lis* again, record the vengeance of Dominique de Gourgues. Ships and cannon mark the assaults by Drake and Davis, and the bombardments and sieges by Moore and Oglethorpe. The suc-

cessive changes of supremacy, Spanish, British, Spanish again, and finally that of the United States, are indicated by the national emblems, the American coat-of-arms closing the record at the cession of Florida to the United States in 1821. Arabesque designs of sea horses, ridden by sea-sprites, surmount the cartouche and emphasize the ever-recurring suggestion of the sea as a field of enterprise and endeavor. Among the other decorations of these ceilings are the signs of the Zodiac, painted in antique



"COOL, INVITING, AIRY."

green on a gold ground. In the penetrations and on the pendentives appear the arms of the ancient provinces of Spain, with candelabra and other designs; and supporting these candelabra are arabesques of mermaids and mermen.

But a truce to this telling of history in decoration. Most people do not want history, not even from the artist's brush; with them the hints are unheeded, the suggestions without meaning. He makes a shrewder bid for popular appreciation, who gives us Cupids and birds and garlands. That is something we can all understand; and of all the interior decorations of the Ponce de Leon, the shopkeepers will tell you, no others are so popular as the Tojetti frescoes on the ceilings of the parlors, two of which are reproduced in these pages.

The grand parlor is a magnificent room 104×53 feet. The effect of grandeur which attaches to a room of such dimensions, is happily supplemented by the disposition of piers and arches, which break up the parlor into easy corners. The walls and decorations are in ivory-white and gold, with Cupids and garlands and filmy drapery amid the clouds in the corner ceilings. Note of the rich furnishings of the parlor is foreign to the purpose of this chapter, but the visitor will not fail to notice the carved mantle with its clock of transparent Mexican onyx, and the numerous paintings. There are other paintings in the upper corridors of the rotunda, whose subjects have been taken from Florida history; among them is an interesting and authentic portrait of the Seminole chief Osceola.

There yet remain many features of the hotel deserving of special mention did space permit; and there are others which should have detailed description, were it the intent here to set forth the character of the building as a hotel with relation to the entertainment of guests. The design of these pages is, however, only to hint of the successful way in which the architects and artists have carried out the original plan and spirit of the Ponce de Leon, and to emphasize the justice of the claim that their work in its completion is of a character which appeals to higher than sybaritic tastes.

The architects of the Hotel Ponce de Leon were Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, of New York. The frescos and mural decorations are by Mr. Thomas Hastings and Mr. George W. Maynard, assisted by Mr. H. T. Schladermundt.

The balconies of the main tower command a prospect of many miles. Thence one may look to the east where roll the breakers on the bar, to the south where shine in the afternoon sun the walls of the old Spanish fort at Matanzas inlet, and to the west where winds the St. Sebastian. Below and on every side are the variegated shades of green which are the glory of Florida. If, as we have said, the grace of these towers has added a new charm to the town, surely they have been set amid no unworthy surroundings. Long search would have been required to discover for the Ponce de Leon a more fitting site than here in orange-embowered St. Augustine.

* * * *

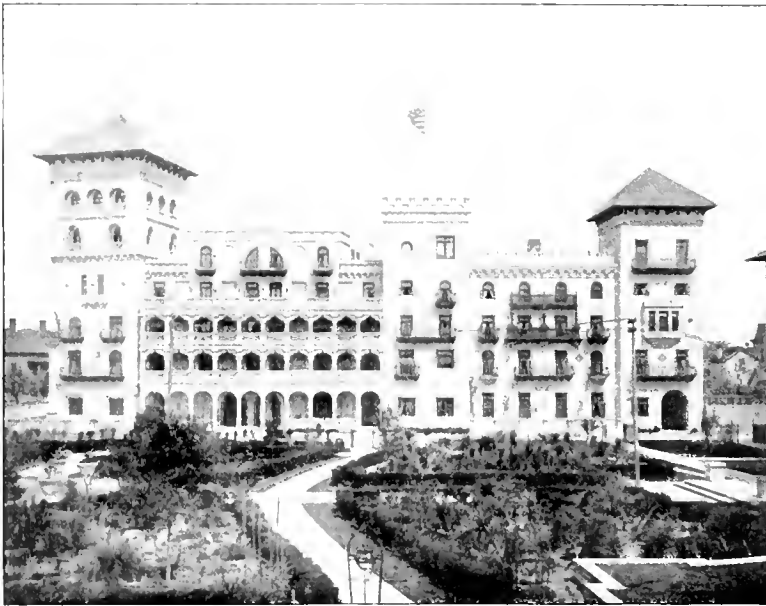
On the south side of the Alameda opposite the Ponce de Leon is the Alcazar, an adjunct of the hotel, and in architecture a fitting complement of it. The Alcazar, of the Spanish Renaissance style, was designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings. The building material is concrete, with terra-cotta ornaments and Spanish roof tiles. These give the rich color combinations already described, and the towers, pavilions, minarets and overhanging roofs also afford the grateful shadow effects noted. At this stage of construction the crescent arcade shown in our illustration has not been added, but without it the Alcazar presents an imposing façade, and the impression of immense size is strengthened as the eye follows the line of the countless minarets and the broken outline of roofs on Cordova street. The statement has been made several times in print that the north façade is a reproduction of that of the famous Alcazar (Al-kasr, the House of Caesar) of Seville; but this is incorrect; the two façades bear no resemblance to each other, and the Alcazar, like the Ponce de Leon,



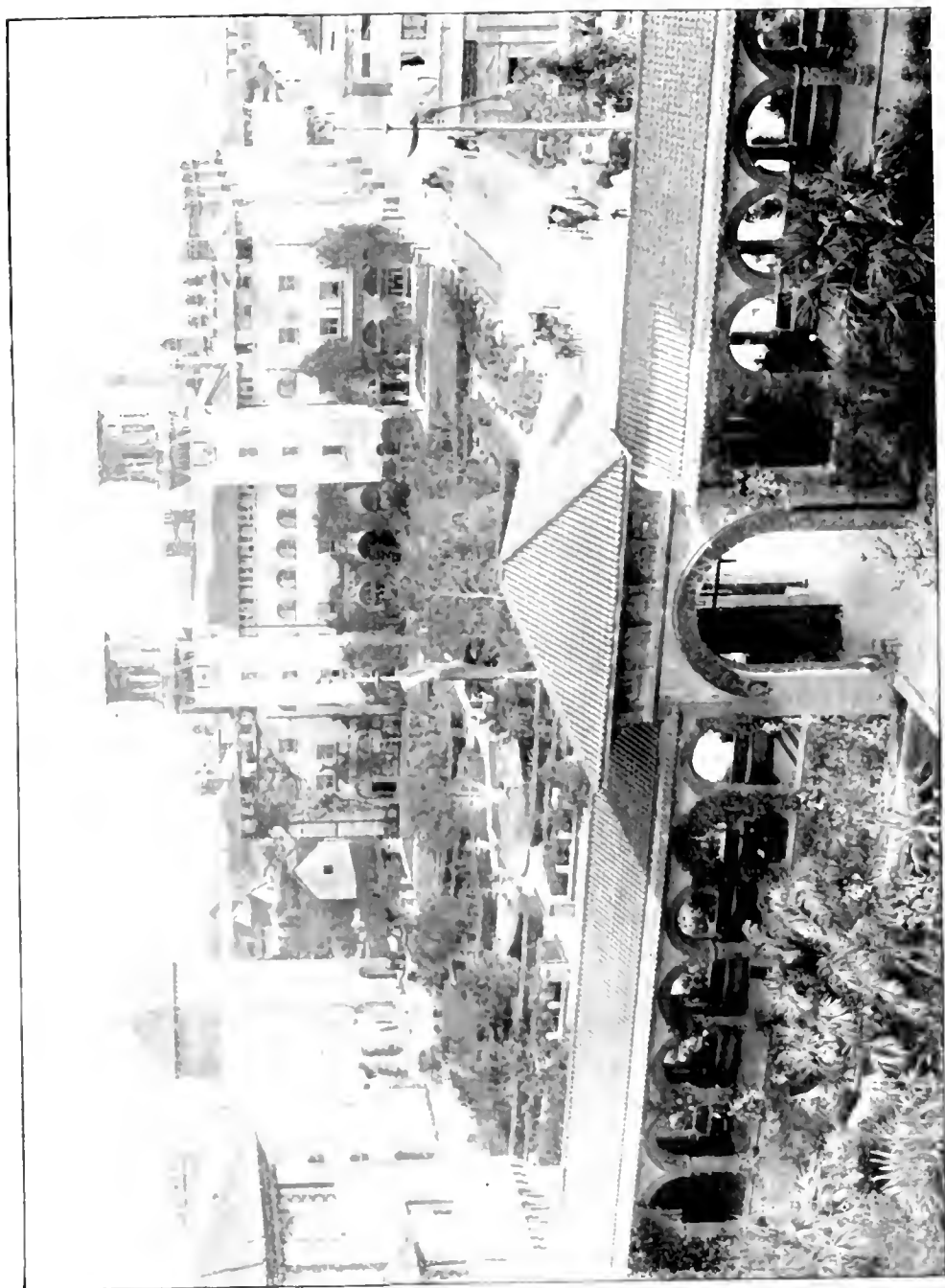
ONE OF THE PUTTI GROUP
From photograph by the Artotype Inst. Co

is original throughout. Within is a court of flowers, shrubbery and vines, with an ingenious fountain playing in the center. The court—not unworthy to be compared with the patios of the Alcazars in Spain—is surrounded by an arcade, upon which open shops and offices. Beyond this court are the great swimming pools of sulphur water from the artesian wells and of salt water from the bay. South are tennis courts.

The group of concrete hotels on the Alameda is completed by the Hotel Cordova. The Cordova was designed by Mr. F. W. Smith. In style it does not follow the Spanish Renaissance architecture; the suggestions for its heavy walls and battlemented towers were found in the strong castles and town defenses of Spain; it recalls those architectural monuments of the warring ages of the past; vast piles of masonry, which grew with the increments of hundreds of years, amid the conflicts of Roman and Goth and Moor and Christian. Thus the archway on the north façade, formerly a gateway, flanked by massive towers round and square, was an adaptation of the Puerto del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, of Toledo, one of the famous remains of the Moorish dominion in Spain. There is something in the strength of the Cordova that recalls to old residents of St. Augustine the coquina defenses which once distinguished this locality; opposite the Cordova was the high-walled garden of the Spanish Governor with its battery facing the west. The balconies of the lower range of windows are the "kneeling balconies" of Seville, so called because the protruding base was devised by Michael Angelo to permit the faithful to kneel at the passing of religious festivals.



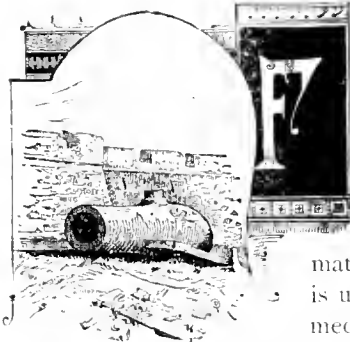
THE CORDOVA.



THE ALCÁZAR

From photograph by L. H. H. of the Alcazar, Seville, Spain

FORT MARION.



FORT MARION is at the north end of the sea-wall and commands the harbor. It is not occupied by troops. Open daily (admission free) from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Afternoon is the most pleasant time for visiting the fort. Sergeant George M. Brown, who is in charge, will conduct visitors through the casemates. For this service, which is entirely voluntary, a fee is usually given. The fort, which is the only example of mediæval fortification on this continent, is a magnificent specimen of the art of military engineering as developed at the time of its construction. It is a massive structure of coquina stone, with curtains, bastions, moat and outworks, covering, with the reservation, more than twenty-two acres.

Surrounding the fort on the three land sides is an immense artificial hill of earth, called the *glacis*. From the crest of the glacis on the southeast, a bridge (1), formerly a *drawbridge*, leads across part of the moat to the barbican. The *barbican* is a fortification, surrounded by the moat, directly in front of the fort entrance, which it was designed to protect. In the barbican at the stairway (2) are the Arms of Spain. A second bridge (3), originally a *drawbridge*, leads from the barbican across the wide moat to the *sally-port* (4), which is the only entrance to the fort. This was provided with a heavy door called the *portcullis*. On the outer wall, above the sally-port is the *escutcheon*, bearing the Arms of Spain; and the Spanish *legend*, which read:

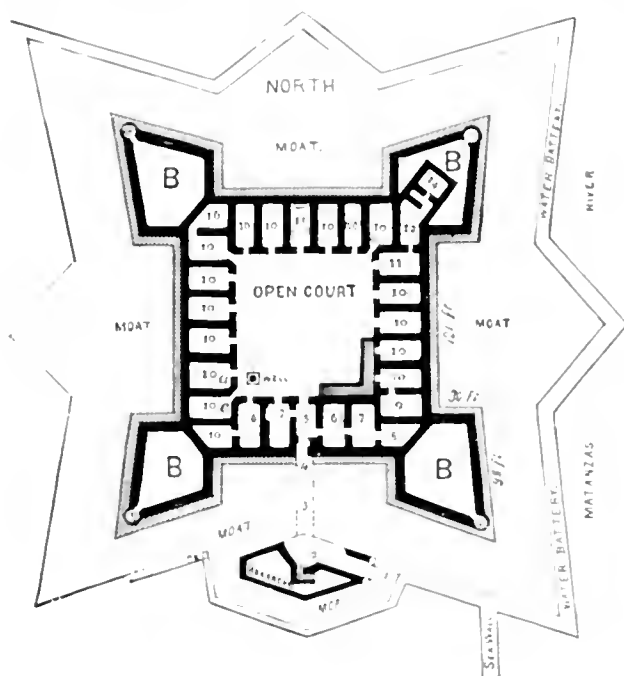
REYNANDO EN ESPAÑA EL SEÑR
DON FERNANDO SEXTO Y SIENDO
GOVOR Y CAPN DE ESA CD SAN AUGS DE
LA FLORIDA E SUS PROV^{AS} EL MARESCAL
DE CAMPO DON ALONZO FERNDO HEREDA
ASI CONCLUIO ESTE CASTILLO EL AN
OD 1756 DIRI^{ENDO} LAS OBRAS EL
CAP INGNRO DN PEDRO DE BROZAS
Y GARAY

Translation: "Don Ferdinand VI., being King of Spain, and the Field Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Hereda being Governor and Captain-General of this place, San Augustin of Florida, and its province, this fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Captain-Engineer, Don Pedro de Brozas of Garay."

The inscription has been almost obliterated by the cements. Its present condition is admirably shown in the illustration on the opposite page.

At the second drawbridge we come face to face with the main entrance, surmounted by a tablet bearing an inscription and the Spanish Coat of Arms. 'It seems to be two dragons, two houses for the dragons, and a supply of mutton hung up below,' said Sara irreverently making game of the royal insignia of Spain — *Constant, Loumore West* in.

Within the fort on the right of the entrance hall (5) is the old bake room (6), and beyond this are two dark chambers (7 and 8), which were probably used for storage. On the left is the *guards' room* (7 left). The hall opens upon a large square *court*



PLAN OF FORT MARION.

From Old St. Augustine

1, bridge from barbican to glacis. 2, stairway to barbican. 3, bridge over moat. 4, sally-port. 5, hall. 6, bake room. 7, 8, dark rooms. 7 (left) guards' room. 9, interior dark room. 10, 11, casemates. 11, casemate. 12, interior dark room. 14, bomb-proof. 15, chapel. 16, dark room. 17, treasurer's room. 18, casemate from which Coconochee escaped. B, bastion. W, water-tower.

(103 by 109 feet). Around this court are *casemates* (10), or rooms which were used for barracks, messrooms, store-rooms, etc. Some of these casemates were divided into lower and upper apartments. To each casemate on the west side a beam of light is admitted through a narrow window or *embrasure*, high up near the arched ceiling. From the first east casemate a door leads back into an interior dark room (9). From the furthest casemate (11) on the same side an entrance leads back into a dark chamber (12), off from which a narrow passage leads through a wall 5 feet deep into a space 6 feet wide; and from this a low aperture 2 feet square gives access through another wall 5 feet deep, into an innermost vault or chamber (14), which is 19½ feet long, 13½ feet broad, and 8 feet high. The arched roof

is of solid masonry. There is no other outlet than the single aperture. This is the far famed "*dungeon*" of Fort Marion. It was designed for a powder magazine or a bomb-proof. When the fort was in repair the chamber was dry and fit for use as a safe deposit for explosives; but when the water from above percolated through the coquina, this bomb-proof or powder magazine became damp and unwholesome. For this reason it was no longer used except as a place to throw rubbish into. Then it bred

fevers; and finally, as a sanitary measure, the Spaniards walled it up, and the middle room (12) as well. They did this in the readiest way by closing the entrance with coquina masonry. When the United States came into possession of the fort the officers stationed here did not suspect the existence of these disused chambers, although among the residents of the town were men who had knowledge of them, and of their prosaic use as a deposit for rubbish. One of these residents, who was still living in 1888, related to the writer his recollection of the disused powder magazine, as he was familiar with it when he was a boy employed at the fort. In 1839 the



TO-DAY TOUCHING HANDS WITH YESTERDAY.

masonry above the middle chamber caved in, and while the engineers were making repairs, the closed entrance to the innermost chamber was noticed, and investigation led to its discovery. Refuse and rubbish were found there. The report was given out—whether at the time or later—that in this rubbish were some bones. From this insignificant beginning the myth-makers evolved first the tale that the bones were human; then they added a rusty chain and a staple in the wall—a gold ring on one skeleton's finger—instruments of torture—iron cages—a pair of boots—and a Spanish Inquisition tale of horror. The guide books of ten years ago were devoted chiefly to the dungeon story. Writers from St. Augustine have rung the changes on it; we quote some of them and by way of comment add a paragraph from "Old St. Augustine:"



FORT MARKON—SPANISH COAT OF ARMS.

In one of them [the two chambers] a wooden machine was found, which some supposed might have been a rack, and in the other a quantity of human bones.—*William Cullen Bryant* (1842).

A human skeleton, with the fragments of a pair of boots and an empty mug for water, it is alleged were discovered within. * * * As to the name, character, standing, guilt or innocence, pleasures or pain, of the poor unfortunate to whom the boots and bones belonged, there is silence.—*Rev. R. A. Swall* (1848).

There was found in one corner of it a human skeleton, the soles of a pair of shoes, and an earthen jug and cup. Not a single other object did its naked, shiny, arched walls cover.—*Chas. Lanman* (1854).

Legends connected with the dark chambers and prison vaults, the chains, the instruments of torture, the skeletons walled in, its closed and hidden recesses.—*Geo. A. Fairbanks* (1858).

The dungeon which was discovered in eighteen something, where the rock fell in and revealed the skeletons of human creatures hung to the walls in iron cages, starved in sight of food and water, barred from the breath of heaven by solid masonry.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* (1876).

Chill, black, and dismal as the grave, is this partly underground dungeon, where in 1835 two skeletons were found chained to the wall—victims, no doubt, to some cruel Spanish inquisition.—*Lady Duffus Hardy* (1880).

Near the entrance were the remains of a fire, the ashes and bits of pine wood burned off toward the center of the pile, in which they had been consumed. Upon the side of the cell was a rusty staple, with about three links of chain attached thereto. Near the wall, on the west side of the cell, were a few bones. Finding these very rotten, and crumbling to pieces under his touch, the engineer spread his handkerchief upon the floor and brushed very gently the few fragments of bone into it. These were shown to the surgeon then stationed at the post, who said they might be human bones, but were so badly crumbled and decayed, he could not determine definitely. Nothing else was found in the cell.—*H. H. Dewhurst* (1881).

This tale of the bones in the dungeon was formerly received with the eager credence that the early explorers gave to the rumors of gold mines in Florida; but in later years, although the makers of sensational guide books cling tenaciously to the dungeon relics, skeptics have arisen, who deny the truth of the story. They probably are right. It is of no moment. The fault lies not in the story of St. Augustine's three centuries, but in its telling, if the chapters of this book have not shown that the romance investing Fort Marion does not center about the alleged discovery of human bones in its walled-up chambers, and needs not to be groped for with a torch in subterranean passages. The incident even if true might well be spared. Who thinks otherwise, has strangely misread the history of the changing fortunes which transformed the Indian council house into the fort of logs, and have converted Spain's proudly equipped fortress into this massive pile of crumbling masonry.

Recall the days when San Juan de Pinos was the defense of the half-starved Spanish garrison; and when of those huddled within the stockades, one and other braver than the rest, ventured out beyond the lines for fish or game, and falling before the blow of the lurking savage, came never again. Remember those long years of misery, when Indian slave, English prisoner and Spanish convict labored beneath the lash of the driver, and with burdensome toil and suffering unspeakable built their very lives into these coquina bastions. Replace the heavy iron gratings of casemate and cell; send home the clanging bolt and bar; listen to the piteous pleading of husband for imprisoned wife and of wife for imprisoned husband, and hear the shutting to of doors upon manacled wretches, who from the gloom of that inner darkness shall never emerge to look upon the sun. Light again in the dim chapel the ever-burning lamp before the tabernacle; restore to the niches their images, its cloth to the altar, the water to the font; and bring back the pageantry of ceremonial rites, chant of mass and murmur of confessional. Remember those momentous days, when Castle San Marco—standing here for the very maintenance of Spain in North America—bore the brunt of well concerted assault. Build anew the shattered defenses; flood the moat; raise the draw-bridge; let fall the portcullis; mount the guard; fling bravely out from the rampart the banner of Castile; and let the artillery belch angry defiance of the hosts under the Red Cross. Hear the sharp word of command, the tread of battalions, the rattle of volley and the

screech of cannon ball. Look out, with the lashing women and children, over the bay and beyond the camps of the besiegers of Anastasia, at I scan the sea in vain for the coming of a friendly fleet, after the weeks of famine, hear at last, in the night, the shouts of rescuers, and then, the lessening drum-beat of the departing British. Or, since you are an American, recollect again those later years, when the soldiers of George the Third guarded Fort St. Marks and a crop of old Patriots languished in its cells; and keeping weary vigil with the white-haired Quakers, let your patriotism kindle and in the damp-walled dungeon take on a brighter glow. So review all the stirring chronicle—

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets;
Of blood-sks, of cannon, culverins,
Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight

and then may be known something of that story which in truth is worthy to be known—of Fort Marion in St. Augustine.—"Old St. Augustine," *Fort Marion*.

But however commonplace and practical may have been the real purpose and use of these underground chambers in old times, they are certainly uncanny and mysterious enough now, and when one follows the guide's torch from the dark rooms, through the "dungeon crawl," into the last gloomy pent recess, some weird tale of

hapless victims entombed alive harmonizes with the flickering torch, the damp earthy odor, and the dimly seen smoke-begrimed encompassing walls.

Facing the court on the north was the chapel (15). Its walls and ceiling and altar and niches are bright with mould and moss and lichen. Strange mutations have come to town and fort since the room was dismantled of its ornaments. The elaborate portico of the chapel was the most pretentious bit of architecture of the fort; but it has so crumbled away that its form can no longer be traced. In the wall outside, above the chapel door, the French astronomers, who came here in 1879 to observe the transit of Venus, have left a marble tablet in commemoration of the visit.



CHAPEL ENTRANCE AND CASEMATIS.

In the northwest bastion is another dark room (16). Some of these dark dungeons of the fort have been used at different times for the confinement of



SALLY-PORT AND WATCH TOWER.

prisoners. Patriots from Charleston were confined here by the British in the Revolution; the Spaniards kept the famous outlaw McGirth in one of these cells five years; and there are old people in St. Augustine to-day who will tell of pallid convicts led



COAST BATTERY

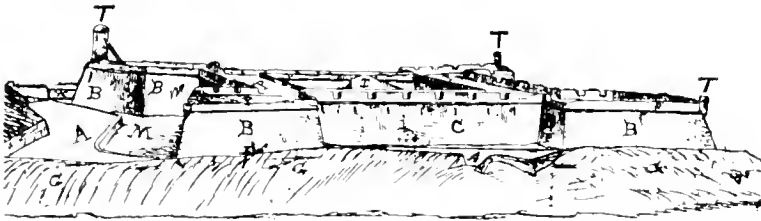


the distance when going for roots. With much difficulty I succeeded in getting my head through; for the sharp stones took the skin off my breast and back. Putting my head through first, I was obliged to go down head foremost, until my feet were through, fearing every moment the rope would break. At last, safely on the ground, I awaited with anxiety the arrival of my comrade. I had passed another rope through the hole, which, in the event of discovery, Talmus Hadjo was to pull, as a signal to me from the outside, that he was discovered, and could not come. As soon as I struck the ground, I took hold of the signal for intelligence from my friend. The night was very dark. Two men passed near me, talking earnestly, and I could see them distinctly. Soon I heard the struggle of my companion far above me. He had succeeded in getting his head through, but his body would come no farther. In the lowest tone of voice, I urged him to throw out his breath, and then try; soon after, he came tumbling down the whole distance. For a few moments I thought him dead. I dragged him to some water close by, which restored him; but his leg was so lame he was unable to walk. I took him upon my shoulder to a scrub, near the town. Daylight was just breaking, it was evident we must move rapidly. I caught a mule in the adjoining field, and making a bridle out of my sash, mounted my companion, and started for the St. John's River. The mule was used one day, but fearing the whites would track us, we felt more secure on foot in the hammock, though moving very slow. Thus we continued our journey five days, subsisting on roots and berries, when I joined my band, then assembled on the headwaters of the Tomoka River, near the Atlantic coast.

Coacoochee finally surrendered and was removed to Arkansas, where he took the leadership of his people. Osceola was removed to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, where shortly afterward he died.* Near the casemate through which Coacoochee made his escape a fig tree is growing from a crevice in the wall.

From the southeast corner of the court, to the right of the entrance hall, a stone ascent leads up to the platform (or *terreplein*) of the *ramparts*. This ascent, now a series of steps of recent construction, was originally an *inclined plane*, by which artillery was raised to the ramparts.

At the outer angle of each *bastion* (B) is a *sentry box* (W), that on the northwest (25 feet high) being also a *watch-tower* for looking to seaward. Distance from corner



OUTLINE OF FORT MARION.

A, covered way. B, bastion. C, curtain. G, glacis. I, inclined plane. M, moat. T, watch-tower. W, water battery.

to corner, 317 feet. The four walls of the fort between the bastions are the *curtains*. There are four equal bastions and four equal curtains. The walls of the fort are 9 feet thick at base, 4½ at top, and 25 feet high, above the present moat level. Battlements similar to those on the other sides formerly defended the east (water) side of the ramparts. The bastions are filled with earth, and there is no foundation

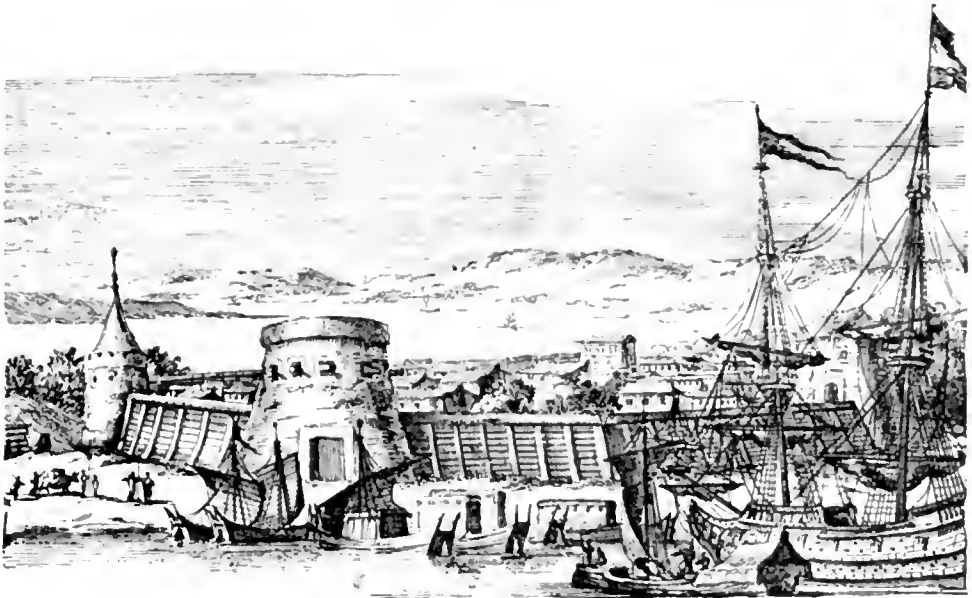
* Disputes over the boundaries of the Indian reservations and quarrels over fugitive slaves, which the Seminoles were accused of harboring, led to the Seminole War—the most costly and disastrous of the minor wars of the United States. At the end of seven years, in 1842, the Indians were subdued, captured and transported to the reservation assigned them, where the remnant of their tribe yet remains in the Indian Territory.



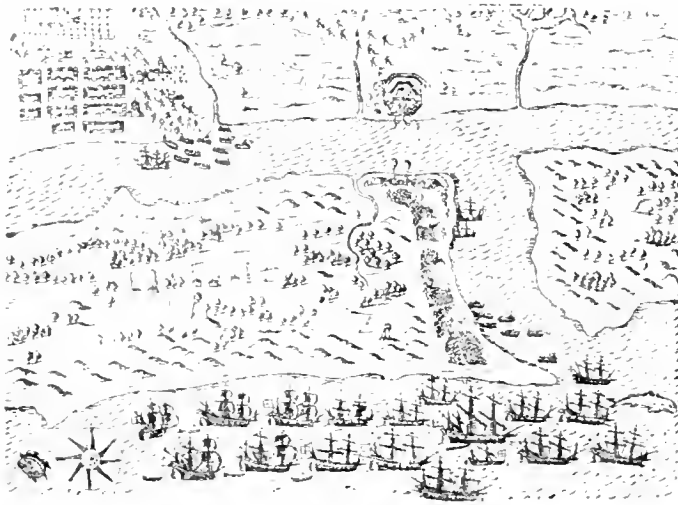
MENÉNDEZ.

for the romantic tale of a subterranean passageway which formerly led from the southwest bastion to a neighboring convent. The fort is surrounded by a moat, 40 feet wide. It was formerly deeper than at present, with a perfectly cemented concrete floor, and was flooded from the bay at high tide. Running along the outer edge of the moat are narrow level spaces called *covered-ways*; and wider levels called *places-of-arms*, where artillery was mounted and the troops gathered, protected by the outer wall or *parapet*, from which slopes the glacis. The fortification of stone (*water battery*) in front is of modern construc-

tion; it was built by the United States in 1842. The small brick building (*hot shot furnace*) in the moat between the east curtain and the water dates from 1844.



SAN JUAN DE PINOS.



THE SIEGE BY FRANCIS DRAKE.

war. First a rude and temporary structure of logs, it was expanded in plan and magnitude until there developed the stone fortress of 1756. Pedro Menendez, the founder of St. Augustine in 1565, utilized the Indian council-house as a defense against the threatened attack by the Huguenots from Fort Caroline on the St. John's River. After his heartless massacre of the shipwrecked French at Matanzas Inlet, the cruel Spaniard stood in just fear of the coming of a fleet from Spain; and he set about the building of a regular fort of logs. This was the Fort San Juan de Pinos shown by Montanus, in his curious representation of St. Augustine with a background of hills. In those days there was a lookout tower on Anastasia Island, whence the watchers signalled to those in the fort the welcome coming of ships from Old Spain, or the dreaded approach of a hostile fleet. A token of weal or woe, in those days the signal flag on Anastasia Island was as eagerly watched by the Spaniards ashore as ever now the light is looked for by ships at sea. In 1586, twenty years after

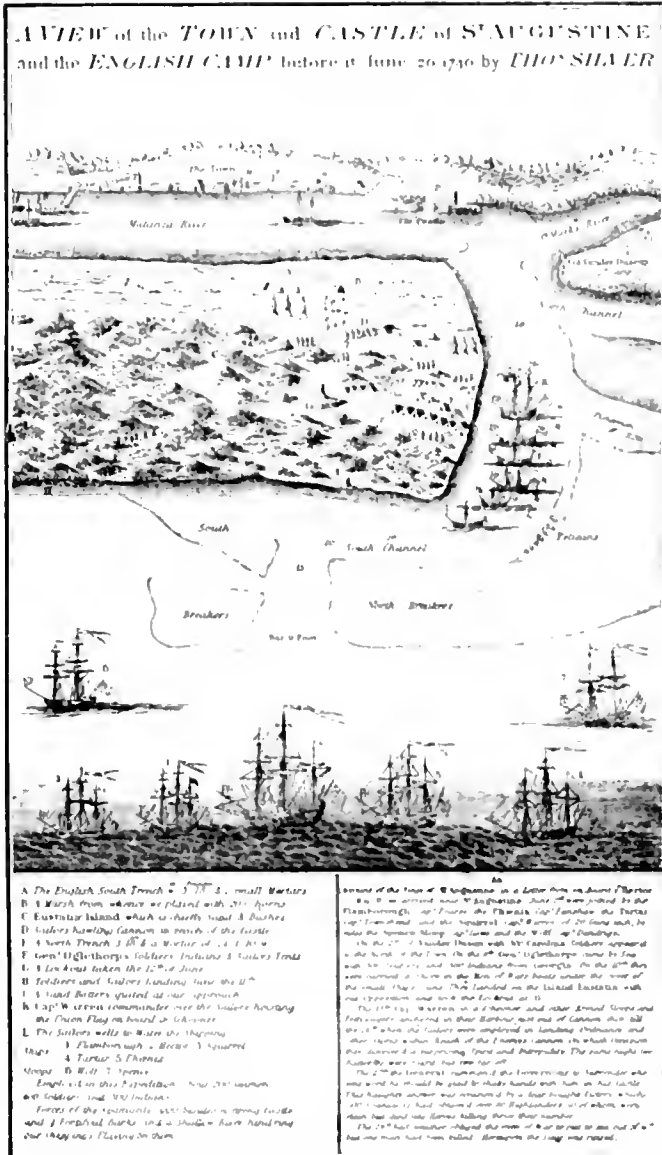
In different forms and bearing different names, St. Augustine's fort has been established more than three centuries. For two hundred years the fort was St. Augustine, and St. Augustine was Florida. The old maps show St. Augustine with its fortifications as the most important point in North America; and the historians have left us many an interesting picture of the fort in peace and



IN THE OLD DAYS.

the town was established, the lookout attracted the notice of the English sea-king, Francis Drake, sailing along the coast with his fleet of high-pooped ships, on his way home from pillaging the cities of the Spanish Main; and he tarried long enough to ransack St. Augustine, and destroy by fire what he could not bear off. In the fort,

which was built of huge pine logs, and was known to the Englishmen as St. John's Fort, they found "thirteene or fourteene great peeces of brass ordnance and a chest unbroken up, having in it the value of some two thousand pounds sterling, by estimation, of the King's treasure, to pay the soldiers of that place, who were a hundred and fiftie men." De Bry's spirited sketch of the assault, by an artist on the spot, is copied here from the rare original. When the Spaniards discovered the coquina (shell-stone) quarries they undertook the building of a fort of stone. When the dreaded Boucaniers descended upon St. Augustine in 1695, the fort was not in a condition to offer resistance, and garrison and townspeople fled in terror into the woods.



THE SIEGE BY COLLETHORPE.

The walls are built of coquina, which in its day was considered a very excellent material for this purpose, since cannon balls would sink into the wall without shattering it as they would harder stone. On the sea front of the southwest bastion are a number of crevices, which, according to local tradition, were caused by British cannon balls from the opposite shore when the fort was besieged by Oglethorpe.

When the colony of Carolina was established the English grant extended so far south that it actually took in St. Augustine. The Spaniards, on the other hand, dis-

puted England's right to any part of the continent whatever, and for the half century succeeding, Spanish expeditions sailed against the English colonies, and British expeditions came against St. Augustine. Governor Moore of Carolina led his forces against the town in 1702, but was repulsed and driven back. When Oglethorpe brought out his Georgia colony, the Spaniards resented the new encroachments upon their territory, and the two colonies were at constant war. In 1740 Oglethorpe captured the Spanish forts on the St. John's, and then, while his land forces besieged the town on the north, his naval contingent landed on Anastasia Island, and for forty days bombarded Fort San Marco. The townspeople took refuge in the fort, where they nearly starved before the siege was finally



GENERAL MARION.

lifted. The Georgia general at length became discouraged and withdrew.

In those days of crude weapons, the coquina bastions were capable of withstanding a much more serious attack than that of Oglethorpe's batteries; but the art of war has changed since then and Fort Marion's coquina would quickly be shattered by the artillery of the present. Shortly after coming into the possession of the United States, the fort was named Fort Marion, in honor of the famous Revolutionary hero, General Francis Marion.

Writing from St. Augustine, William Cullen Bryant criticised this as "a foolish change of name." But why foolish? If Moultrie is thus honored, and Sumter the "Game Cock," why not Marion the "Swamp Fox?" Is it not the veriest romance of history that the Spanish fortress planted here by Menendez, the hunter of French Huguenots, should at last yield up its saintly name for that of a hero in whose veins flowed the blood of other Huguenot exiles? And is it not the final justice of time that the British stronghold, within whose dungeons rebellious Patriots were immured, should receive from the nation which those prisoners helped to establish, the honored name of one who endured with them the perils and privations of its cause, and won with them the final glorious triumph?—"Old St. Augustine," *Fort Marion*.

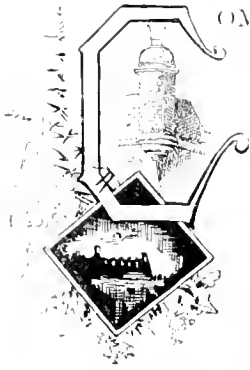
Fort Marion has been dismantled. A few antiquated and long-silent cannon are preserved as suggestions of the warlike character of the surroundings, and here and there the rusted throat of a half-buried gun breaks the surface of the moat; while on the northwest crest of the glacis reposes a great cannon, about which cattle peacefully browse and children innocently play.

I like to be alone upon the fort. Beautiful, dreadful, massive thing! I like to play with it as ignorantly as a baby with an encyclopædia. I am grieved when the tourist who knows things stands in groups with his wife and daughters, discoursing of the bastion and the crenellune, of the ramparts and the dungeons, of the exact inscription upon the old, old coat of arms above the door (though I don't think he called it the door), which seemed so pretty till I hear him talk about it. I don't want to be instructed about that fort. It spoils it all to know everything about it. It is enough for me to know that I was never in a fort before, and that this (unless it be the ruin at Matanzas) is the oldest in the country, and that from its summit I can see the magnificent line of breakers over the bar, which shelters St. Augustine so tenderly that she sits almost like an inland city, widowed alike from the traffic and the terror of the sea.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Atlantic Monthly.*



FORT MARION—LOOKING SEAWARD.

ST FRANCIS BARRACKS.



SUPPLEMENTING the battlements and watch-towers of Fort Marion on the north, the St. Francis Barracks stand out conspicuously at the south end of the sea-wall facing the Matanzas. They are occupied by United States troops. The out-door concerts given by the military band, the dress-parades and the guard-mount at sunset on the parade in front of the barracks are among the attractions of St. Augustine.

Almost continuously since it was founded by the mailed soldiers of Menendez, St. Augustine has been a military station. Under Spanish rule it was little else than a garrison post. When the British came, they emulated the martial spirit of their predecessors, and on the plain south of the town, with bricks brought from the banks of the Hudson River, erected a huge barrack, which cost a tremendous sum, and shortly after completion went up in smoke.

St. Francis Barracks take their name from the Franciscan convent, whose former site they occupy. The convent was abandoned when Florida was ceded to Great Britain in 1763; and when Spain resumed possession of the town, in 1783, it was utilized by the Spanish Governor as barracks for his troops. The old building has been greatly modified by the United States Government, although not entirely rebuilt; and some of the original coquina walls of the convent remain.

To Florida with the adventurer had come the missionary; one to win treasure, the other to win souls. The gold-seeker returned from his quest chagrined; not so the Franciscan. He found here a field vast beyond reckoning; and, waiting to be gathered, a harvest more precious than had been pictured in the fondest dream of his pious enthusiasm. The military prestige of Florida soon faded away, but year by year its religious importance increased; and ever, with the expansion of his work, the Franciscan's zeal grew more intense and his labors more devoted. The country was in time erected into a religious province, with a chapter house of the Order of San Francisco at San Augustin; and thence the members went forth to plant the standard of their faith in the remotest wilderness. Far out on the border of savanna, in the depth of forest, and on the banks of river and lake, by the side of the Indian trails westward to the Gulf, north among the villages of Alachua, and south to everglade fastnesses; here and there, and everywhere that lost souls were worshipping strange gods, the Franciscan built his chapel, intrenched it round about with earthwork and palisade, and gathered the erring children of the forest to hear the wondrous story of the Cross,—“*Old St. Augustine*,” *The Franciscans*.

A short distance south of the Barracks is the Military Cemetery. An admission



BRIDGE - AUGUST 1851

showing Sea Wall extending to "The Parade" and Convent on present barracks.

pass is required and may be had on application to the adjutant of the post, whose office is opposite the Barracks. In the cemetery are the three low pyramids of masonry forming the tombs of officers and men who lost their lives in the Seminole War. The memorial shaft is commonly spoken of as "Dade's Monument," because more than one hundred of the soldiers interred here were those who perished in the "Dade Massacre." This was one of the most tragic incidents of the Seminole War.

In August, 1835, Major Dade and a command of troops, 1100 in total, were on their way from Fort Brooke to Fort King. At half past nine o'clock, Tuesday morning, August 28, they were marching through an open pine barren, four miles from the Great Wahoo Swamp. The bright sun was shining, flowers bloomed along the path; gay butterflies flitted about them; the silence was broken only by the Aeolian melody of the pines. The men were marching carelessly, with no suspicion of danger, where surely no foe could lurk. Suddenly, without an instant's warning—from pine, from palmetto scrub,

from the very grass at their feet—burst upon them the shrill war-whoop, the flashing and crackling of rifles, and the whistling, deadly rain of bullets. Sixty of the troops fell mortally wounded. The rest rallied; trained the cannon, and attempted to form breastworks of logs, but in vain. In quick succession, one after another, they fell. Had the earth yawned to swallow them like the army of Korah, the obliteration could have been little more complete. Of the 1100, three, miserably wounded, dragged thence yes away, two soon after to die of their wounds. —"Old St. Augustine," *The Seminole*.



The pyramids are stacked and devoid of ornamentation. The inscriptions read: "Sacred to the memory of the Officers and Soldiers killed in battle and died on service during the

Florida War." "This monument has been erected in token of respectful and affectionate remembrance by their comrades of all grades, and is committed to the care and preservation of the garrison of St. Augustine."

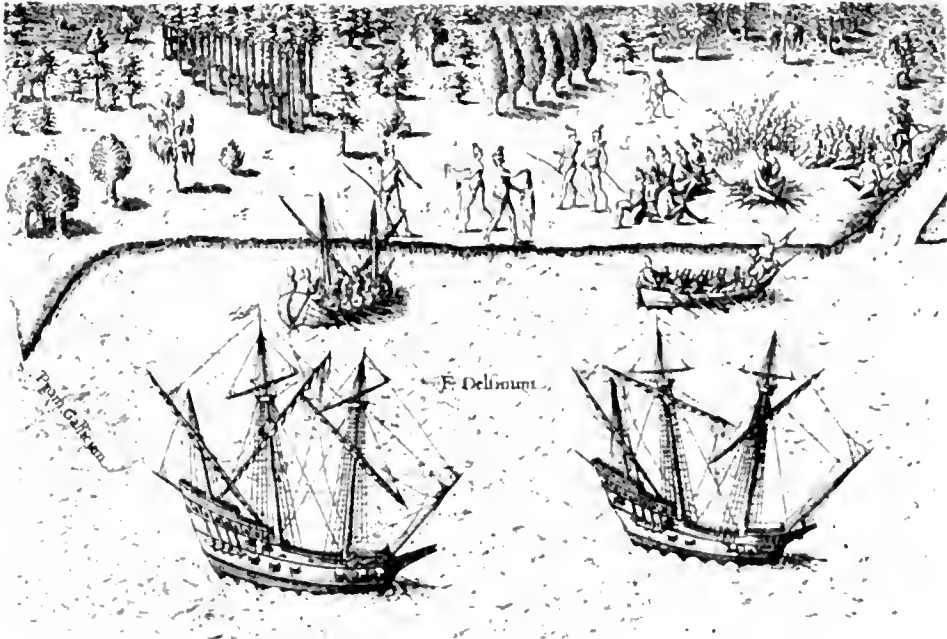
HARBOR AND BEACH.



HELTERED by the spit of land called the North Beach, and by Anastasia Island, St. Augustine's harbor is a sheet of water admirably adapted for pleasure sailing and rowing. These are among the staple winter amusements. At the wharves will be found a large fleet of sail boats, which are safe and commodious; and they are manned by capable and trustworthy skippers, who display a high degree of skill in the handling of their boats. Most of the craft are of local production, and built on a model peculiar to the harbor. Usual rates of hire, 50 cents to \$1.00 per hour. In addition to these boats for charter, there are usually here in winter sail and steam yachts from the North; and the private craft range all the way from the Minorcan fisherman's dugout (a survival of the ancient Florida Indian's rude log boat) and the clumsy wood-scows to the light and speedy naphtha launches, now coming into such common use as yacht tenders, which dart about the bay with the swiftness of a bird, the grace of a canoe, and the importance and business air of a steam tug towing a Cunarder.

An afternoon afloat is likely to prove one of the most pleasant memories of a visit to St. Augustine. What with the changing landscape—a shifting panorama of water and land and sky—charming views of the town as seen from the bay, bright sails in the harbor, and multitudinous forms of marine life, there is always enough to interest and amuse. Fort Marion is well worth seeing from the water; the proportions of the fortification are hardly appreciated until one has approached it from the harbor which its artillery once defended.

Extended excursions may be made to Matanzas; up the North River; and to Anastasia Island, Bird Island and the Beaches, called North and South with reference to the harbor entrance. North Beach is a term applied to the shores of both ocean and harbor and the long narrow spit of land formed by them. Along the shores extend irregular lines of sand dunes, which are ever shifting in the wind and changing their shape, like the northern snowdrifts they so closely resemble. From the bay or from the opposite shore the North Beach presents a scene of rare beauty, with its narrow strip of shining silver sand between the blue of the water and the deeper blue of the sky. Arrived at the shore, one finds half-buried wrecks and sea-wrack to dream over, shells to gather, innumerable forms of curious marine life to investigate, and the never ending, always new study of wave motion and color.



THE TRENCH AT THE RIVER OF DOLPHINS IN 1563.

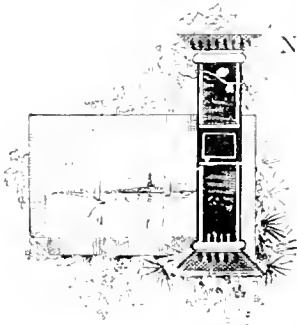
Oh, what shells! Incredible that they should be selling for large prices by the quart, like candy in the Boston shops. They lie brilliant, vital, it seems sentient, beneath our touch, like flowers. We beach the Elizabeth upon the silver bar, and wander like children among them. At first I object to gathering them, as I do to rifling a garden; and to the last I find myself turning out of my way to avoid stepping upon the perfect and rich-tinted things; as if they had blood and could be hurt.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

At sunset the Florida seashore takes on a peculiar beauty. Surf and beach are transplendent with the soft shades and delicate tints of the sky; the atmosphere is aglow with color, and there comes to one the novel experience of not alone beholding the distant glories of the west, but of actually standing in and being surrounded by the effulgence of the dying day.

But the average St. Augustine skipper is not inclined to linger for sunset effects on the North Beach; the one practical consideration with him is that when the sun goes down the sea breeze will go down too, and his boat and party will be becalmed; experience has taught him the wisdom of an early return to town.

The porpoises which frequent the harbor in great numbers have always been a conspicuous feature of these waters. Away back in 1563, before the Spaniards had founded St. Augustine, the French explorers who came here found the porpoises (or dolphins) so numerous that they gave to the river the name *Rivière des Dauphines*.

ST. ANASTASIA ISLAND.



N FRONT of the town, between bay and ocean, lies the Island of St. Anastasia. It is a favorite resort for excursion parties, and has many attractions for the tourist. The most pleasant time for a visit is the afternoon. The route is by ferryboat from Central Wharf and then by railway from the opposite shore across to the beach. The light-house is usually open to visitors; and when convenient to do so, the keeper in charge, or assistant, will accompany parties to the tower, whence a magnificent and far-extending view is afforded over sea and land. The light-house is 150 feet in height from base to light tower, the lamp being 165 feet above sea level. Eight flights of spiral staircases lead to the tower. The light, technically classed as of the first-order, is a fixed white and revolving or flash light, flashing once every 3 minutes, visible 19 miles. The lamp itself is stationary, and the actual intensity of its flame does not change. The variability of the light is secured by the revolution of a glass lantern provided with a series of powerful lenses or gigantic bull's-eyes, each one sending out a great beam of light. The constant and steady beam from each lense revolves with the lantern. From St. Augustine at night this beam may distinctly be seen stretching out into the darkness, as it wheels in mighty revolutions about the tower.

The purpose of the variability of the light is to render it distinguishable from other lights on the coast. Thus, while the St. Augustine light is a fixed white light varied by a flash every 3 minutes, the St. John's River light, the next one north, is a fixed white light; and the Cape Canaveral light, the next one south, flashes every minute. The black and white spiral stripes, which make the tower look like a grotesque Brobdingnagian barber's pole, serve to distinguish it from others by daylight; the tower of the St. John's River light is red, that of the Cape Canaveral light has black and white horizontal bands.

The present light-house was built in 1872-3, to take the place of an older coquina structure, whose ruins may be seen on the shore a short distance northeast. The latter has commonly, though incorrectly, been called the "old Spanish light-house."

Anastasia Island extends from St. Augustine south twelve miles to Matanzas Inlet, where are the picturesque ruins of an old Spanish fort; for this was one of the sea approaches to the town, and the Don must needs put a garrison there to defend it.

The inlet of Matanzas takes its name from the Spanish word *matanza* (signifying slaughter) in commemoration of the massacre of the Huguenots which occurred here in 1565. No event in American history possesses more of tragedy and pathos than the martyrdom of these Frenchmen, who had left their homes in France to establish in the new world a refuge from the religious persecutions of their native land, but



RUINS OF THE MATANZAS FORT.

found in Florida the intolerance from which they had fled, and perished at last by the hand of a bigot.

The French, stationed at their Fort Caroline, on the River May (St. John's), having left a few of their number to garrison the fort, set sail against the Spaniards, arrived off the bar of St. Augustine, and were driven to the south by a storm. The Spanish leader Menendez then led a force overland to the St. John's, surprised Fort Caroline and killed most of the garrison—a few of the French escaping to their ships. Upon his return to St. Augustine, Menendez learned that the French fleet had been wrecked. He proceeded south to this inlet, discovered the Frenchmen on the other side, and by false promises induced them to surrender and deliver up their arms. Then he sent them boats, brought them over, in small bands at a time, bound them, blindfolded them, led them behind the sand hills, and in the name of religion put them to death. The shores of the inlet have been modified by the action of the sea in the three hundred years which have elapsed since that occurrence; it is useless to speculate as to the exact locality where the tragedy took place.

AS A HEALTH RESORT.

From a paper by DR. HORACE CARUTHERS, in the "Forest and Stream."



PRACTICAL experience of many winters enables me to say there is no place better adapted to health or pleasure than St. Augustine. It is easily reached by steamers or by elegant vestibule cars in little over one day from New York. The city is situated on a peninsula, almost surrounded by salt water; indeed it is, at very high tides, almost an island. The fact that the place is washed on all sides by the ocean tides guarantees the sanitary condition to be as perfect as any natural locality can be; and it absolutely precludes the possibility of malaria—a case of which disease I have never met, originating in the city. In addition to its possessing these natural advantages, those in authority spare no efforts nor expense in adopting all artificial means known to sanitarians to add to the health of the favorable locality. The elements so essential to perfect health are abundant, in bright sunshine, pure bracing sea air and abundance of water, while the most cheerful and choicest society makes the ancient city the most desirable winter resort in this country.

I have known many men, women and children who have renewed their seriously damaged constitutions in Florida; and for those suffering from overwork, insomnia, nervous prostration and all its sad train of symptoms, I know of no more desirable place than St. Augustine. Children recovering from pneumonia, diphtheria, scarlet fever and whooping cough find a perfect climate for outdoor life and rapid convalescence, without the danger of relapse, so common in a variable Northern climate. For nearly forty years I have recommended the climate of Florida to my patients, and I am happy to say many of these still thank me for sending them away from this Northern climate, which is as trying as any known to the profession. Scarlet fever and measles are not dreaded by the parents and physicians of St. Augustine; and diphtheria is almost unknown. A few years ago I was asked to see a child recently arrived, supposed to be suffering from that dread disease. The physician long resident had never seen a case. The child was removed a few miles out of town, and but one other took the disease, a playmate of the first. An honored and lamented physician of St. Augustine, the late Dr. Peck, told me some years ago, when I was expressing anxiety about some cases of scarlet fever, not to be alarmed; that the disease never assumed a dangerous type in that climate, and that it very seldom resulted in death; it responded quickly to treatment, and was seldom followed by those dangerous sequels so dreaded in a Northern climate. He stated the remarkable fact that years earlier they were visited by an epidemic of scarlet fever, when he attended one hundred and twenty children, without losing more than a single patient; and this one death was owing to other complications. There is no other way of accounting for such a history of such a disease, except the perfect climate. Some winters ago I received a little patient from New York with chronic pneumonia follow-

For the Preservation of the Matanzas Fort.

The historic ruins of Florida are among the most interesting on this continent. About them lingers the romance of the past. Old Fort Marion in St. Augustine is a lasting memorial of Spanish endeavor in North America. The City Gateway is significant of those long years when the dwellers here were always apprehensive of the coming of a hostile force. The Matanzas Fort, guarding the southern sea approach to St. Augustine, was intimately associated with the fortunes of war between the subjects of Spain and England here in America. The canals and causeways and fallen mills at Ormond attest the enterprise and prosperity which flourished until blighted by the torch of the Semmole. At New Smyrna may be traced the indigo fields of the unhappy Minorcan colonists of British days; and chapel walls still stand as memorials of Spanish missions among the natives of Florida. Here and there are Indian mounds, mysterious as to builders and origin and purpose.

All these are monuments, whose every stone should be cherished, guarded from

COVER

The Standard Guide.

thoughtless vandalism, and preserved so far as may be possible from destruction by the elements.

We should have in Florida a Society for the Preservation of Antiquities, with purpose to create an intelligent interest in these relics of other days, to stimulate appreciation of their value, and to provide for their care and preservation. Such an association might very readily be formed; it would have open to it abundant opportunity of public-spirited work; and would be certain to enlist the support and co-operation of resident and visitor.

In the meanwhile, there is call for immediate action to save from destruction one of the most picturesque of these historic monuments—the old Fort at Matanzas Inlet, south of St. Augustine. The Fort stands on an island. Its situation was originally at some distance from the seaward shore of the island; but the erosion of the waters has eaten away the land, and is now undermining the coquina Fort itself. A fate menaces it like that which engulfed the old lighthouse of St. Augustine.

The Fort may yet be saved if measures shall at once be adopted to deflect the currents. The STANDARD GUIDE has in preparation, to send to Washington, a memorial praying that such action may be taken without delay. It is hoped that the memorial may be so numerously signed as to indicate in some degree the public feeling in the matter. If you are so interested, you are invited to fill in this blank, lending the influence of your name for the purpose.

To the Editor of the Standard Guide:

You will please add my name as a signature to the Memorial directing attention to the Matanzas Fort and urging immediate measures for its preservation.

Signed

Address

* * Additional signatures may be written on the reverse of the blank.

* * The blank may be left with the hotel clerk, or with the newsdealer from whom you purchased this book; or it may be mailed to the Editor of the STANDARD GUIDE, St. Augustine.

* * The Memorial with a list of the signers will be given in the 1896 edition of the STANDARD GUIDE.

ing an unusually severe whooping cough; and in a very short time the little girl recovered completely, renewing the roses in her cheeks and her buoyant, childlike spirits. She returned with her mother, who was summoned to attend her husband suffering with pneumonia, in the month of March—much against my advice, but fortunately without serious consequences. Pneumonia is seldom seen in St. Augustine, and the resident physicians are almost unacquainted with the disease and have no desire to attend it. The absence and the mild form of the diseases mentioned can be accounted for on no other grounds than the salubrity of the climate.

If there is the slightest possibility of any one laboring with the first symptoms of consumption being benefited by climate it will be accomplished in Florida. A gentleman who was a martyr to asthma all his life, possessing a beautiful home near Philadelphia, told me he could find no comfort in life but in two localities, Newport in summer and St. Augustine in winter.

My own personal experience in the beneficial effects of the climate of St. Augustine makes me the more earnest in recommending it to all who may be suffering from overwork. After a laborious life of more than thirty years in the climate of New York, on the Hudson River, I broke down completely, and had insomnia to a fearful degree, bordering on insanity. Old professional friends advised me to visit Florida. When I arrived in the quaint old city one Christmas Eve I was nearly exhausted. I could not walk a mile, and only with great fatigue at all. Appetite was fitful, energy gone, and though I was longing for rest, yet I dreaded the experience of a night of sleeplessness. One who has never had the misery of such a state of health, can form no conception of such a deplorable condition. I began improving the first week, walking with less fatigue daily, and improved in appetite and spirits, and in six weeks I could tramp with dog and gun twenty miles. It was truly a renewal of life, instead of my life work being abandoned, I put on harness again and began to offer aid and encouragement to all who, like myself, had become discouraged.



ST. GEORGE STREET NEAR THE PLAZA.

From an old Photograph

GUN AND ROD.



GAME and fish have always been among the attractions of St. Augustine; and, although the supply has been diminished of late years, there is still abundant reward for the pursuit. Sportsmen and anglers who visit the Rangeleys, the Adirondacks and the St. Lawrence in summer, repair to Florida in the winter. There are men, who when fish are to be caught in Florida waters would no more stay in the North than the robins and bluebirds. Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, himself an ardent angler, tells a good story of a New York physician who, some winters ago, when there was yellow fever in one of the Gulf Coast towns, deliberately set out to run the quarantine and make his way into the fever district because it was time for fish to rise to his fly.

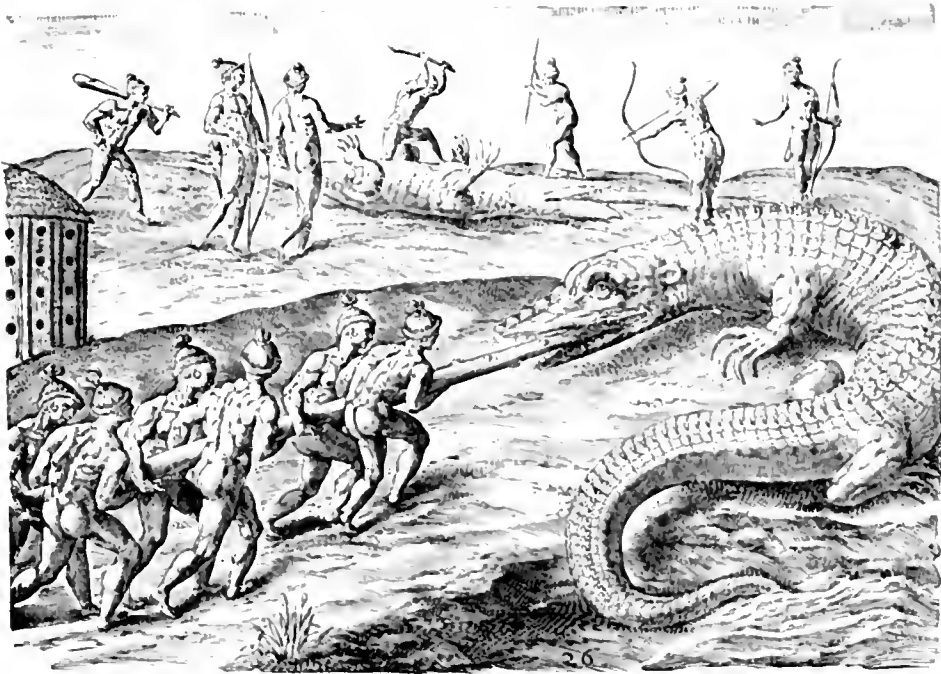
Rod and reel, gun and field dogs are familiar objects in St. Augustine. Among the sporting dogs remembered by many quail hunters was the well known Bran. This dog was once, while hunting quail, struck by a rattlesnake. He was saved by the skillful treatment of Dr. H. Caruthers, but only to meet a fate as harsh, for Bran perished in the flames where he was chained in the great St. Augustine Hotel fire of 1887. The smoking room of the Ponce de Leon Hotel counts among its ornaments a magnificent set of antlers, which bear testimony to the luck of a Tarrytown, New York, physician, to whom is credited the unusual experience of having brought down his deer, on an Adirondack runway, with a shotgun, loaded with No. 4 shot for grouse. Florida deer are of smaller size than the northern deer, but they are built to go just as fast.

The unlovely alligator is represented at St. Augustine chiefly in infantile stages of discouraged development in the curiosity shops, waiting to be done up in segar boxes and mailed to the north. Wilder and more ferocious specimens are occasionally encountered in adjacent waters. The alligator holds on with most commendable tenacity, despite the fact that every man's hand is against him, and always has been against him, if we are to credit Le Moyne, who came here with the French in 1563.

In the *Brevis Narratio* is given a drawing of the native Florida mode of hunting, and it is described as follows: They wage war on the crocodiles in this manner: By the bank of the river they build a little hut full of chinks and holes, in which is stationed a sentinel who can hear and see the crocodiles a great way off. Pressed by hunger they come up out of the water in search of prey, failing to find which they give forth a horrible roar that may be heard for half a mile. Then the sentinel calls the others who are ready; and ten or twelve of them, bearing a huge pole, hurry to intercept the gigantic monster (his jaws expanded to seize and swallow some one of them), and with great agility, holding the sharp end of the pole as high as possible, they plunge it into his maw, whence because of its roughness and the scaly bark he cannot eject it. Then turning the crocodile over on his back, they belabor his belly, which is softer, with clubs, and shoot arrows into it and open it: the back is impen-

eternal because of the hard scales, the more so if it be in old one. This is the Indians' way of hunting crocodiles, to whom they are such inveterate foes that night and day they are on the watch for them, not less than we for our most hostile enemies.

According to the artist's delineations of the mammoth specimens found here in those good old times, three hundred years ago, their descendants are certainly a sorry and degenerate race. But no one was ever heard to complain of the small proportions of an alligator he had killed; they are all huge and savage in the telling; it takes a very small saurian to make a big story; and men are living to-day who could give Le Moyne points on Florida alligators.



INDIAN MODE OF HUNTING ALLIGATORS IN FLORIDA.
From Le Moyne's Narrative of the French Expedition in 1663.

The list of fishes taken in the vicinity is a generous one. Sheepshead are caught off the St. Sebastian bridge, from the docks, and wherever there are submerged timbers or rocks. Favorite fishing grounds are at Matanzas. Baits used: clam, crab, fiddler, conch; the best time for fishing is from half-flood to high water. The whiting is baited for with clam, crab or pieces of mullet or other fish. Sea bass, or channel bass (also called redfish), are in great abundance in summer, and in fair supply in spring, when they are caught in the surf with rod or hand-line. The rods are employed chiefly by anglers from abroad. The local method is for the fisherman to wade out into the surf, having his line coiled to run freely from his left hand, then, swinging bait and sinker around his head, he hurls it out into the surf, and, when he hooks a fish, puts the line over his shoulder and runs at full speed up the beach, hauling

fish high and dry after him. This mode may not partake of the high art of angling, but it is pursued with enthusiasm, and the worst that can be said about it is that to stand for hours up to one's hips in the ocean is in March or April conducive to rheumatism. The bait for bass is shrimp, crab or mullet. Salt-water trout are caught in great abundance in the Matanzas and its tributary waters north of town; and in the St. Sebastian from the bridge and the wharves. They take the fly; baits used are shrimps and mullet. Other varieties found here comprise blackfish, flounder, red



KNOWS WHERE TO GO FISHIN'.

From the Forest and Stream.

snapper, black grouper, cavalli or crevallè, sailor's choice or hogfish, croaker, black grunt, skipjack or young bluefish, and jewfish which attain a weight of 200 and 300 lbs. The water vermin include sharks, catfish, garfish, angelfish, rays, or skates, toadfish and like unpleasing forms of creation. Some one or the other of them is sure to turn up on the end of a line cast for nobler fish; and the "patient angler" who manifests his patience in waiting for a bite is a very ordinary individual compared with the angelic being who can preserve his equanimity when a shark makes way with his tackle, or his expectant gaze is greeted by the open countenance of skate or toadfish. Drum fishing grounds are at Moultrie, five miles below town, and at certain localities known to the market

fisherman in the North River. The drumfish is distinguished as a fish that may be fished for longer without a bite than any other game fish that swims.

It was time for drumming, the magic hour between the fall of the ebb and the rise of the flood, for this delightful sport, whose praises and superior enchantments over all others in the Walton line I had so often heard spoken with such rapture by the mouth of a North Island and Beaufort man; the noble nature of the fish, his size and strength—the slow approach which he makes at first to the hook, like a crab, then the sudden overwhelming transport that comes over you when you feel him dashing boldly off with the line, threatening to drag you after him and upset your frail boat. How charming his resisting wait, comparable only to the intoxication and gentle rapture one experiences when pulling along a lass through a Virginia reel,—“*Sketch of Seminole War*” (1836).

THE EAST COAST



BEYOND St. Augustine, going by the East Coast line, one finds little to interest him in the monotonous stretch of pine flatwoods and palmetto scrub, until at the distance of about fifty miles the road deflects to Ormond. And now the scene changes. A new Florida begins, as unlike the dreary, sandy flatwoods as they are unlike the rolling hill and lake country. Ormond is situated on the Halifax River, and also on the Atlantic beach, the two being separated by a peninsula a half-mile wide. The Halifax belongs to that system of inland waters which are more properly termed lagoons. They are fed by inlets from the sea and extend from a little below St. Augustine to Lake Worth. These lagoons, commonly known as the Indian River, make a continuous stretch of the loveliest water scenery for more than 250 miles, and when Biscayne Bay shall be united with Lake Worth, an uninterrupted water excursion of 350 miles will combine more of fascinating variety and beauty than any other in the United States. These connected inland waters vary from weird and twisting narrows 100 feet in width, to spreading lake-like expanses from three to six miles wide. Sometimes they look out of inlets upon the ocean, and again into the mouths of winding creeks or fresh-water rivers that break the western shore. At one point the Indian River channels separate and wind tortuously among wooded islands, making one think of the lochs of Scotland. Nearly all the way the banks on both sides are high, commanding the river from elevated bluffs, or gently sloping to the stream, and finely situated for the towns or isolated residences, which are already scattered all along the East Coast and fast increasing in number. The population is of the very best, comprising representatives of many of the chief cities of the United States, a considerable number of well-to-do Englishmen, and some from Canada. There is no section of the country at large that combines more of the enterprising, intelligent, industrious and thrifty classes, and many of them wealthy enough to push their opportunities to the best advantage.

It being impossible to describe particularly all these towns and settlements, more than fifty of



COCOANUT - PALM BEACH.

which are designated on the map of the J., St. A. & I. R. Railway, let a few prominent instances suffice to indicate the peculiar features and remarkable attractions of the East Coast.

Ormond is the first town struck by the railway after leaving St. Augustine. For the enjoyment of the tourist Ormond affords a combination of attractions second to



ONE OF THE ORMOND DRIVES.

none on the East Coast. From the Hotel Ormond, fronting the Halifax, one looks across the wide river to the beautiful village that skirts the western shore. The river is about as wide as the lower Hudson, and looks as majestic, although but a shallow lagoon. It is deep enough, however, for steamboats of light draft, and populous with all kinds of pleasure craft. The long bridge across the Halifax is a favorite resort of skilled fishermen. Fish of many varieties are abundant, among them the speckled sea trout, channel bass, cavallé, sheepshead and fresh-water black bass in Tomoka River. Sea bass weighing from twenty to forty pounds are caught in the Atlantic surf. Immense turtles, able to carry a man standing on their backs,



THE FALUY-HO ON ORMOND BEACH.

in the headwaters of the Halifax, quail in the fields and flatwoods; also wild turkeys and deer and not infrequently bear's meat are brought into the Ormond market.

The Ormond climate is of that medium quality which permits one to come early and stay late—no more delightful months than October and April. It is warmer in winter than in the interior, and cooler in summer. Seldom is there a day during the winter months when the sweet sunshine and the soft sea breeze do not invite one out of doors. The most delicate invalid prefers to stay out a full day long. After sunset the air is often just cool enough to make the blaze of the open fire hardly less welcome than the sunshine.

The walks in all directions are singularly attractive, being either shelled or planked over sandy spots, and provided with numerous rustic seats and arbors along the shaded river banks or through the trails across the half-mile peninsula that connects the river with the ocean.

Ormond is famous beyond any other place in Florida for its drives. It has the advantage of unfailing marl pits, which supply the best material for roads, smooth and hard as concrete, and this is supplemented by great deposits of shell which lie all along the river. There is no finer beach anywhere on the Atlantic shore than at Ormond. It is 250 feet wide at mean tide, and extends for many miles up and down the coast. It is lively with all sorts of pleasure carriages, bicycles and bathers, not to speak of the annual tournament when the cowboys of the interior come in to compete in eques-

as they go back to the sea from their nests on the beach, are plenty in the spring season. Bears are often seen on moonlight nights coming out of the scrub to hunt the turtle eggs, which are laid from eighty to a hundred in each nest. The eggs are also used to flavor the Hotel Coquina muffins; and nothing is more delicate and appetizing than the flavor of coquina soup, made from the little shells (*Donnes*) that are swept up the beach in great quantities. Ormond abounds in game. Ducks are plenty



COQUINA SHELL STONE.

trian sports with the horsemen of the coast. The six-horse tally-ho hardly leaves a mark on the smooth surface of this magnificent beach. It is attractive also in the variety of beautiful shells that are swept up by the high tides.

The drives of Ormond extend also for many miles up and down the high and wooded banks of the river through a great wealth of forest trees, flowering shrubs and creepers. Vistas of the blue water peep out on the one side, and orange groves gleam with golden fruit on the other. The drives out into the hammocks lying directly back of Ormond are, if possible, still more charming. They thread magnificent forests of huge live oaks sprawling their crooked giant branches all



ORMOND BEACH IN APRIL.

abroad and draped with long, swaying pendants of gray moss. In close proximity and as if in rivalry, immense magnolias lift themselves taller even than the oaks. Hard by stand the graceful water oaks, and pushing between everywhere the palmetto palms; and all this lavish luxuriance of richly colored foliage is tangled with giant creepers, climbing lustily to the very tree tops. In the deep green recesses of these rich hammocks, so utterly diverse from the flatwoods that skirt the railways, you come upon ruins of ancient chimneys and other appurtenances of old-time sugar mills and causeways, built over intervening marshes to connect the great plantations that once were worked at large cost of slave labor. These fertile hammocks of deep, black soil extend many miles to the southward parallel with the Halifax, and were probably in some far back century the bed of a lagoon similar to the present river. On these rich, mucky lands are planted some of the finest orange groves in Florida, and when oranges shall be counted in their just proportion as only one of the products which can be and some time will be raised on such soil as this, the East Coast will better appreciate its agricultural resources.

It is characteristic of the Ormond drives that each has its special motive. There is the river drive of six miles to "Number Nine," the charming plantation of C. A. Bacon, which is not merely an orange grove, but adorned with every variety of fruit tree and ornamental shrub that the climate will permit, and laid out with the finest skill of landscape gardening. Nothing delights its genial proprietor more than to welcome his numerous visitors. The same drive may be extended five miles further



THE WALK AT ROCKLEDGE.

up the river or on the beach to the famous hundred-acre grove of Knox and Beig. This grove and those adjoining it show what capital with long and tried experience can do to make orange raising steadily and largely profitable. The main conditions here are a very rich shell hammock and a system which makes the most of accumulated vegetable mould, the retention of palmetto palms, and the entire avoidance of the clean culture prevalent in the interior. The handsome mansions of the proprietors command not only the ocean and the winding creeks which head the Halifax,



A ROCKLEDGE VISTA.

but wide, spreading savannas, dotted with groups of palms and reminding one of the Nile Valley.

Another drive is down the beach to Daytona, which is situated on a circling arm of the Halifax and its river front, looking out upon a wide bay of a singular beauty all its own. This drive or bicycle ride is varied by a return on the river bank. The same places may be reached by steam or naphtha launch.

An all day excursion, and second to none in interest, is to Mosquito Inlet, about fifteen miles down the Halifax, where the great lighthouse lifts its lofty tower, and where the best fishing is enjoyed; or a little further down to New Smyrna, the oldest place on the coast south of St. Augustine.

It is historically famous for the Greek and Minorcan colony, 1,500 strong, established by Dr. Turnbull in 1767. Turnbull's "castle" or "palace," with its sixteen chimneys, stood on the high and vast shell mound which commands the whole adjacent region. It was partly destroyed by the Seminole Indians, who drove out the sugar planters and captured many of their slaves. Afterward it became a



THE INDIAN RIVER SHORE

target for Admiral Du Pont's fleet, which more completely demolished it during the Civil War, leaving, however, the grandly solid walls of the old cellar and the capacious wells to indicate its palatial extent. All along the river bank for four miles north and three miles south are scattered the ruins of old Minorcan houses with coquina stone floors, chimneys and wells, curbed with hewn stone. The drainage canals, indigo vats and ruins of old sugar mills, indicate large industries. One of the canals still in use, and dug about 127 years ago, is twenty-two feet deep and five feet wide. It extends several miles and must have employed an immense amount of hand labor.

More interesting still are the ancient ruins of a Spanish dynasty which antedated the English possession. The "Rock House," a stately ruin with thick walls and well preserved chimney and fire-place, and situated on a high bluff, commands a magnificent view of the inlet and ocean and all the surrounding region. A large cedar stands in the middle of one of the rooms. It is probably one of the oldest structures in the United States. It might have been a military outpost, or a mission house, as is indicated by a niche in the wall.

A much more extensive and imposing ruin lies out in an old field a little way west of the town, which has until lately been designated as the "Sugar House." It was undoubtedly used for this purpose, but the ecclesiastical lines of its foundations, and the architectural symmetry and beauty of its walls and arches plainly indicate an earlier religious origin as the seat of a Spanish mission.

New Smyrna is well worth visiting on its own account, for its hammock and water scenery and beach. Mr. W. E. Connor, of New York, owns a beautiful winter residence here with elegant surroundings. Mr. Pierre Lorillard makes New Smyrna



SENTINEL PALMITOS

the winter rendezvous of his house boat and yachts. The Indian River water system, including the Halifax and Hillsboro, Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay, is becoming more and more from year to year the abode of ample house boats and pleasure craft of all descriptions.

It would be unfair to Ormond to pass by its greatest single attraction, the Tomoka River. It was once the chosen resort of the Tomoka tribe of Indians. They had the best reasons for their choice. Black bass from three to six pounds in weight abound in its deep still waters, and red bass are taken near its mouth. Its high wooded bluffs afford dry and picturesque camping grounds. Not so much of a curiosity as the Oklawaha twisting its weird and narrow way through gloomy cypresses, it is far more beautiful and accessible. Only six miles from the Ormond bridge, and but ten miles long, it can easily be reached either

by carriage or boat. On a bold headland about midway that commands shining stretches of the river stands the log cabin. Its twelve feet veranda and cavernous fire-place nine feet wide hospitably invite you in case it rains—a very seldom occurrence—or after nightfall, but the picknickers commonly prefer the shaded tables under the water oaks. From a *Springfield Republican* letter, dated March 12, 1894, we quote the following description of the wonderfully various vegetation:

“On the high upland shores that skirt the lower river where crop out the craggy coquina ledges, the tall and solemn pines lift themselves. As the river narrows serried hosts of tufted palms close it in. And now their solid wall is broken, their triple ranks grow thinner, they stand silhouetted against the background of the hazily illumined sky, they crook and bend their heads toward the stream as if in worship. As the

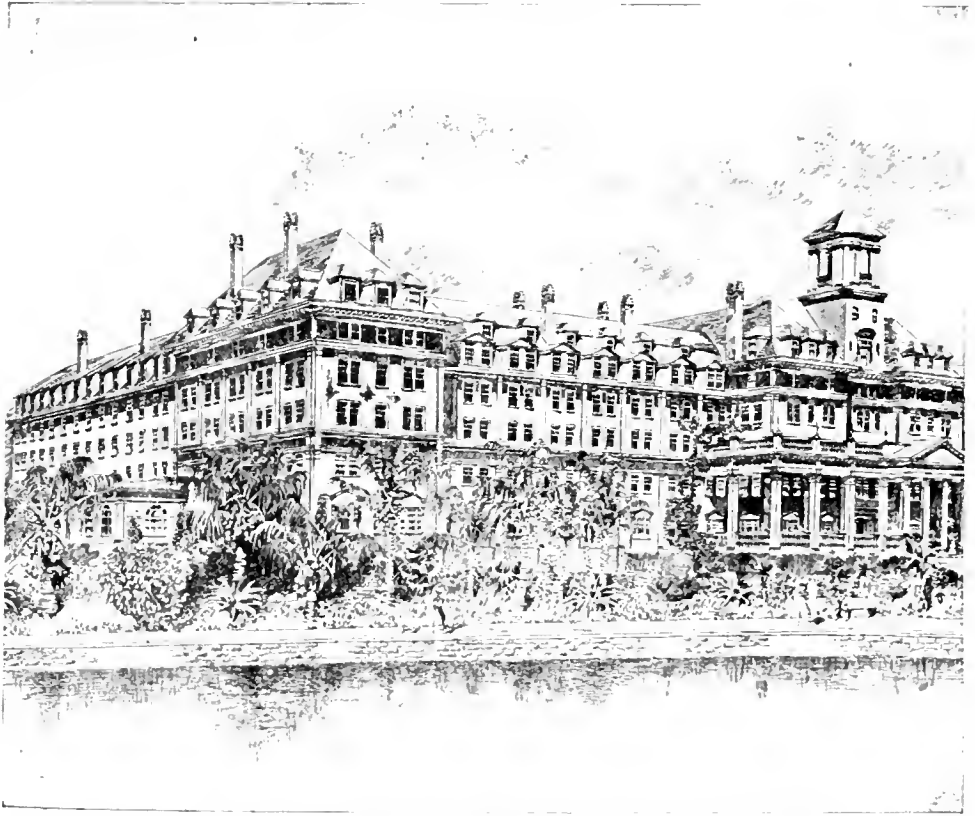
river curves again the view opens upon vast prairie-like savannas of tall saw-grass stretching away like verdant seas and broken in the far distance by isolated groups of lofty palms. By the river brink like an embroidered hem to this great carpet of verdure, huge brake ferns of yellow-green mingle with tufts of tall plumed sedges and flowering stalks that rise twelve and fifteen feet above the grassy level.

"The changing skies lend ever new effects of glorious coloring. Now there are



FROM THE RIVER.

silver mountains of cloud, overtopped by a rift of blue; and above that hang showery mists of leaden gray. A moment later and they shut down upon us in a sweet, pattering April shower. As the shower passes, the river is ripped with lace-like wavelets, and before it takes on the blue again, shines like oxidized silver. Now bursts out the sun, and the palms rustle in the gentle breeze and glisten with golden sheen. And besides the palms, a countless variety of other trees and shrubs and water plants. Magnificent live oaks, draped with long pendent mosses that wave in the breeze like climbing serpents, old sprawling cedars of rusty red throwing



THE ROYAL POINCIANA.

down into the deep, black water their gnarled and giant roots; the young cedars tall and straight and of tender green like Northern hemlocks in the month of June; magnolias almost as vast as the lofty oaks, their broad leaves radiant with glossy green; bay trees with delicate leaves of olive green and fragrant to the touch; water oaks less majestic than the live oaks, but more symmetrical; red maples just now ablaze with their tender leaf buds; the bitter-sweets, their seed-pods of glowing red opening out of their yellow jackets; high up in the tree tops white and yellow mistletoe, and down on the water surface the white lilies; grand silver beeches decorated with sulphur-colored lichens; yellow jasmynes and wild orange blossoms scenting the balmy air with sweet fragrance. In this marvelous variety of flora there is every shade of green and brown and red and yellow with hints enough of blue and black reflected into the pellucid depths from the upper sky.

"The best of it all is the last, the culmination of supreme beauty at the head of the river in the tangled wildwood, where the stream becomes so narrow that our little steamer has but just room to turn around. The wind can no longer get low

enough to make even a single wavelet upon the transparent surface of the water as it wells up from deep, pure springs. Into the clear depths are reflected with startling vividness trunk and twig and leaf and ledge and cloud. Every minutest form of beauty in the upper world is repeated and glorified in these crystal depths of translucent light."

Passing down the coast from Ormond about seventy miles, we traverse the famous orange belt of the Indian River, which reaches its perfection at Rockledge. A little below New Smyrna John D. Sheldore discovered, ninety years ago, the



TRI-RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE OF TURKEY CREEK.

original grove of wild sweet oranges, from which came the buds that have been carried all over the State and made the Indian River orange famous.

Rockledge, famous for its excellent hotels and long line of handsome residences and choice orange groves, is named from the bold coquina ledges which lend a picturesque beauty to the shore line. While lacking the Ormond drives, the foot walk for several miles on the high river bank, leading through one splendid orange grove to another and past the elegant mansions of their owners, is very fascinating. There is a grand outlook across the river, here a mile and a half wide, to Merritt's Island, which is also populous with villas, groves and gardens. The extensive packing houses from which narrow-gauge railways carry the orange cars to the piers, from

which the fruit steamers pick them up, the sail boats and rowboats, often manned by young ladies who feather their oars with sailor-like precision, the pedestrian parties one continually meets on the river path, the well-contented occupants of the elegant



BILLY BOWLEGS—A SEMINOLE OF TO-DAY.

From "Forest and Stream."

mansions that front the river adjoining on their broad verandas, the *dolce far niente* leisure of the Rockledge winter resident, the orange pickers amid the golden fruit, and the skilled landscape gardening that emblazons the walks and grounds of the hotels with brilliant tropical flowers, all unite to make Rockledge deservedly and permanently popular with winter tourists.

Leaving Rockledge, about twenty miles further down the river we enter the pineapple region at Eau Gallie and Melbourne, which are adjacent to each other, and connected as the East Coast points are all along by an almost continuous line of settlements fronting the Indian River on both sides, and at the same time within hearing of the Atlantic surf. For instance, Sarno lies between Eau Gallie and Melbourne. It is a conglomerate array of hotel, restaurant, furnished cottages, and apartments elaborately fitted up with every modern convenience to suit the liking and the purse of various sorts of people, whether the transient tourist or those inclined to more private family arrangements.

Either Eau Gallie or Melbourne is a good place at which to study the pineapple culture. John Aspinwall, of Eau Gallie, or J. H. Phillips, president of the Melbourne State Bank, will tell you all about it. This is the only section in Florida, extending from Cape Canaveral to Biscayne Bay, where the climate, which is the main

thing, is suitable for the permanent and profitable cultivation of the pineapple out of doors. In this pineapple belt is also found the only suitable land for out of door and unprotected culture, while very much of it is entirely unsuited for pineapples. For



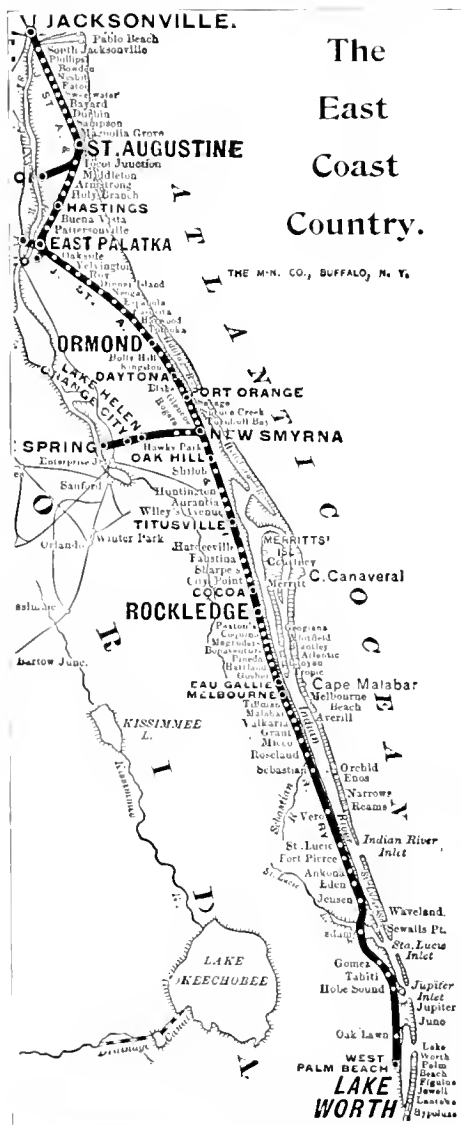
IN MOUNTAIN LAND.

instance, at Melbourne, the east or peninsula side of the river is suitable, while the west side is not. But further down the river at Eden and vicinity on the west side of the river between it and the East Coast railway, there are large patches of pineapple land eminently suitable. The only way to success for the investor is to ask successful and reliable experts like the gentlemen above mentioned or Capt. Thomas E. Richards, the veteran pineapple king at Eden.

Leaving out of account the pineapple business, Eau Gallie and Melbourne are well worth the tourist's attention for their lovely situation, growing enterprise, good society, comfortable hotels and various other peculiar attractions.

Further south, Fort Pierce is to be noted as a winter resort much visited by sportsmen, for whose comfort and requirements special provision is here made.

The prime attraction of the East Coast remains to be mentioned. Going southward one hundred miles from Melbourne, we reach Palm Beach on Lake Worth. Here we enter the coconut region and the tropical paradise of Florida. Lake Worth is a salt-water lagoon like the other waters of the Indian River system, twenty-two miles long by an average of a mile in width, and separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a peninsula of rich hammock and marsh about a mile wide. Here is situated the Royal Poinciana, one of the largest hotels in the world, and royal indeed in respect both of its entirely unique surroundings and its magnificent appointments. Fronting the beautiful lake and commanding also the ocean view, it has the peculiar advantage of a lordly grove of cocoanut palms and the finest environments of tropical gardening already prepared at lavish cost by a former proprietor of the site, Richard R. MacCormick. The magnificent hotel does not stand alone in respect of such environments. For several miles along the lake front range other beautiful and highly improved estates with similar adornments of cocoa-



nut palms and a great variety of other tropical flora. The origin of these coconut palms was in the wreck many years ago of a Spanish brig, the *Providencia*, which scattered a cargo of cocoanuts all along the adjacent coast. Mr. Flagler, the munificent proprietor of the Poinciana, is sparing no cost or pains to perfect its attractions—among them a large pavilion at the ocean beach, tramways to connect it with the lake, bathing houses and hot salt-water baths and a large concrete pool 50×150 feet, and furnished with salt water from the ocean by a powerful steam pump.

It is quite impossible to give any adequate description of the peculiar and unparalleled attractions of Lake Worth. It is so unlike any other part of this very unique and dissimilar State of Florida that everybody who can will be sure to come and see it. It will give some idea of the wonderful nature of the tropical vegetation that everywhere charms the eye, to quote what a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* says of Pitts Island, in Lake Worth:

It is worth the journey from the North to see the great sprawling sea grape tree, with broad round lily pad mottled leaf of green and red, tumbling and prancing around in the queerest jerks and contortions, now running its huge branches along the ground, then springing up and forward with a leap, and then suddenly making a backward turn, cavorting and somersaulting in all imaginable and unthought-of twistings. But queerer still and more utterly wayward is the rubber banyan with its smooth, elephant-gray bark and long glossy leaves. It just capers and leaps in its luxuriant capacities for rapid and giant growth. When it has shot forth a branch to an amazing length almost horizontally from the parent trunk, it drops a string-like pendant, raveled out at the end, which sways awhile in the air, but give it time and it will reach the ground and its raveled fibers will take root and soon become a smooth, round trunk. This will often unite itself with other pendants, and the fissures by and by disappearing, they together become a wide, smooth, narrow mass like a great elongated screen. I saw one of these huge banyans engaged in deadly contest with a large mastic tree, the wood of which is solid and tough like ebony. It was so far a drawn game. The banyan had clasped the mastic and wound and twisted about it like the serpents about Laocoon, till it seemed as if it must be stilled, when lo! the mastic finds its chance and shoots out and up in towering strength fifty feet into the air. Space fails one to tell of the foliage plants of brilliant red, yellow and purple, ten feet high of the flaming broad-leaved hybiscus, the royal and magnificent poinciana, a gorgeous flowering tree, of the moon flowers and the morning glories creeping everywhere at their own sweet will, of the white and red oleanders, twenty feet high and spreading an equal width. Here indeed is Florida, in its own unquestioned right—the land of flowers.



A MEMORY OF THE EAST COAST LAND.

ASHEVILLE.

THE city of Asheville in North Carolina is one of the most popular resorts in America for winter tourists; its fame has been increasing for eight or ten years as a resort for people who seek a mild climate, with excellent hotels, and other multiplied attractions. It is situated on a hilly plateau between the Allegheny Mountains, the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky, all made famous in poem and prose by celebrated writers, among whom Charles Egbert Craddock, Christian Reid and Constance Fenimore Woolson stand among the highest. The city, properly speaking, is between the Swananoa and French Broad rivers, and overlooks a thousand square miles of superb scenery, and has been justly termed "the City in the Skies," where everything in nature seems to have been moulded by a Divine hand for those who seek health and pleasure within its hospitable gates. Every prominent street in the city has been paved with vitrified brick, or macadamized; and the main thoroughfares leading out of Asheville through the glorious gaps in the mountains, have been macadamized. No resort in the South can offer better streets and roadways.

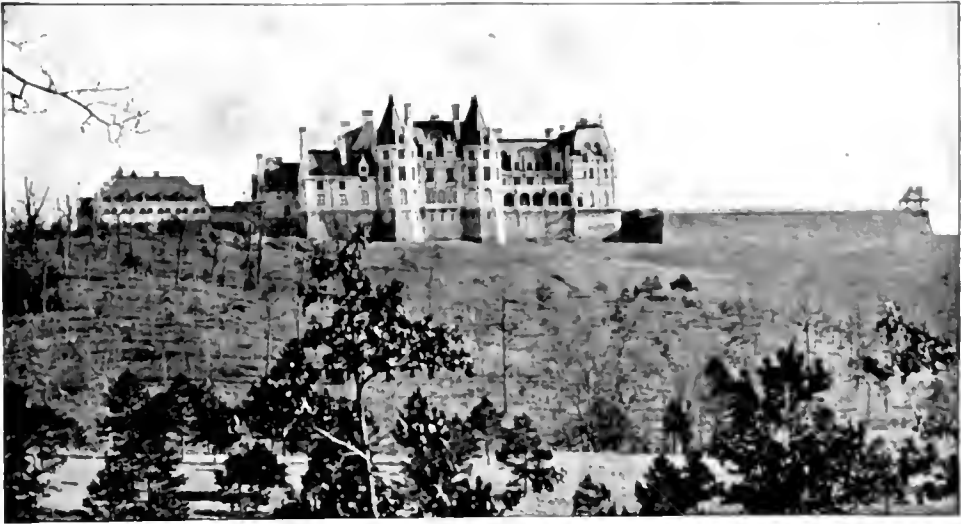
Recently the Swananoa Country Club has been organized, in purpose an exact counterpart of the Meadow Brook and Radnor Hunt Clubs. An elegant club house has been furnished and is now occupied in the city; and four miles in the country another has been erected. A pack of forty-eight hounds has been purchased and the tri-weekly hunts for live foxes are among the attractive features of Asheville for the present. The balls and dances to be given by the Hunt Club this winter will be among the most popular social events; they will be given in the immense ball room of the Battery Park Hotel.

Another great attraction in Asheville is the wonderful estate of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt. The acreage of this estate now amounts to 140,000 acres, comprising some of the most picturesque mountain lands in the Allegheny Mountains. The mansion, which is about finished, is said to have no equal on the American continent, and only one abroad.

In the language of Mr. Burnet Scott "The town is noted for its healthful and delicious climate; its pure and invigorating atmosphere; the beauty of its scenery; its delightful drives; and its wealth of adjacent points of interest. Climatic maps prepared by Prof. Chas. Denison, M.D., and official data furnished by the United States Signal Service, show that Asheville has the driest climate, the year round, of any point east of Denver. Out of 365 days there is an average of 259 clear ones. It is far enough south to insure a mild winter, while its altitude is so great as to create a cool summer. Asheville holds a first place among those favored spots which invite both summer and winter visitors, and offer a pleasant residence throughout the entire year

"But more worthy of note than all other considerations is the proved healthfulness of this region. Malaria is unknown. The mountain district of western North Carolina has long been favorably known for its healthful climate, and especially for its beneficial effects in pulmonary and throat troubles. These succumb to the balmy air of this locality. Some of the most learned and skilled physicians in the United States have recorded the fact that, in this climate, tubercular consumption is not hereditary.

'The hotels of Asheville are modern in construction and equipment, and



THE VANDERBILT CHATEAU

embody in plan and arrangement everything for the comfort of their guests. Indeed it is in very large measure to the excellence of its hotels and the admirable way in which they are conducted that Asheville owes her popularity with tourists and pleasure seekers."

The railroad facilities from Florida to Asheville are excellent and have been arranged so that sleepers now leave St. Augustine about 7 o'clock at night and reach Asheville the next afternoon. This beautiful city in the skies is a great half-way stopping place, both in going to Florida and returning home. It offers attractions that cannot be found elsewhere; its people are open-hearted and hospitable; its climate is unsurpassed east of the Rocky Mountains, and its future as a resort holds out the most alluring promises.

E. P. McKISICK.

Standard Guide Advertiser.

THE BATTERY PARK HOTEL.

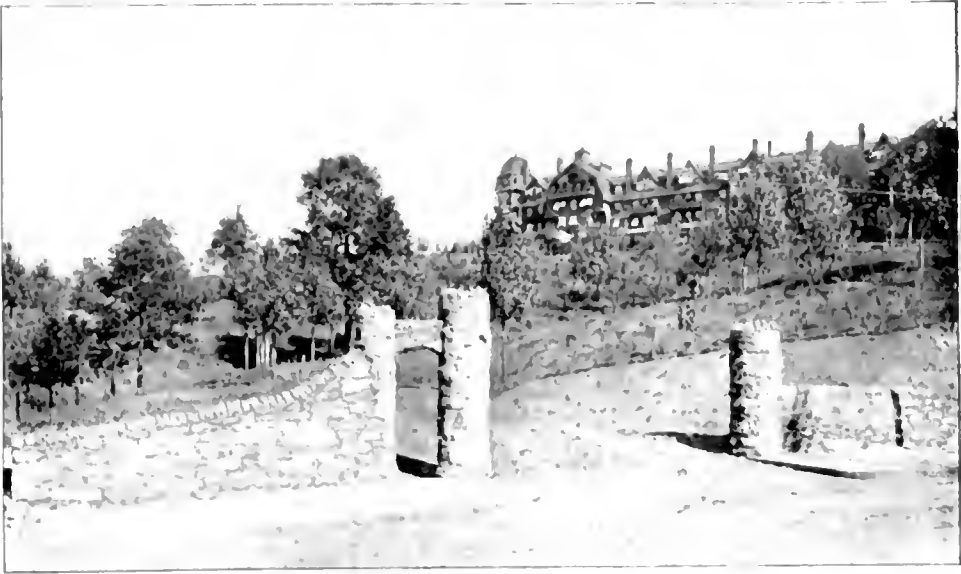
ASHEVILLE. NORTH CAROLINA.



"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
"Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
"Unto our gentle senses. * * *
"The guest of summer,
"The temple haunting martlet does approve
"By his loved mansionry, that the heavens' breath
"Smells wooingly here."

These words, spoken by Duncan before Macbeth's castle, nearly three hundred years ago, true then and truer now, apply most consistently to the famous BATTERY PARK HOTEL in the mountains of Western North Carolina. Neither tongue nor pen nor brush hath yet accomplished the task of mirroring in the minds of those who have not seen these glorious mountains, the complete idea of the pleasure and comfort and benefit that is derived by a stay here. The scenery, the climate, the drives and the hotel accommodations in Asheville are incomparable. Each and every one of these attractions, all of which are necessary to the comfort and pleasure of tourists, are excellent; and the full complement cannot be equaled anywhere. There is no scenery on the American continent that can surpass that which is obtainable in Asheville and especially from the heights of Battery Park.

THE BATTERY PARK HOTEL.



THE BATTERY PARK HOTEL, situated in the midst of the most magnificent mountain scenery on the Atlantic slope, at an elevation of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and with an average winter temperature of 51°, is open throughout the year and is one of the best equipped winter resorts in the South. It has recently been enlarged, re-carpeted and re-painted. It has every modern convenience, including hydraulic elevator, electric lights, electric street car line to the depot, while it has a full complement of other conveniences. The music hall, tennis court, bowling alley, ladies' billiard parlor, shooting gallery, shuffle board and other like amusements are some of the adjuncts.

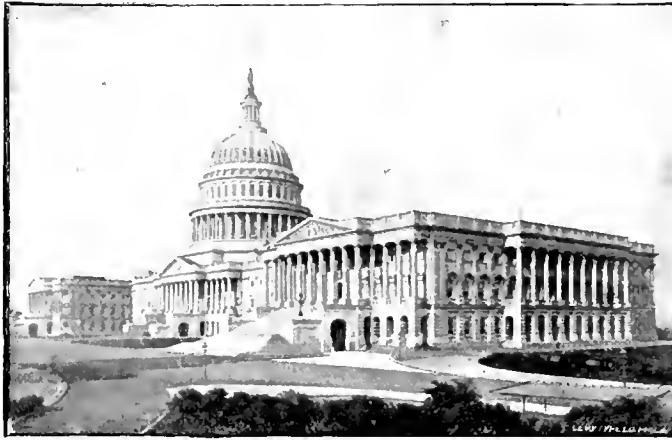
The drives in and around Asheville are unsurpassed. Within the past six months the appropriation of Four Hundred Thousand Dollars has been expended in laying Belgian block and brick pavement through the principal streets of the city, and these streets, with the out-of-town drives, afford every facility for horse-back riding and driving.

The BATTERY PARK HOTEL is over one hundred feet higher than any other hotel in or near Asheville. The advantage of this has been tried seven years successfully as to the proper height for health. The bath rooms, private and public, are unexcelled, and this, in conjunction with the fact that the size of the BATTERY PARK HOTEL is nearly double the size of any other hotel in Asheville, makes it the most desirable resort for the winter and summer. The front piazzas have been widened recently until they are now twenty-one feet wide, twelve feet under glass and nine feet open, without cover. The BATTERY PARK HOTEL is the most comfortable and home-like hotel in this section, and its appointments and service are unexcelled.

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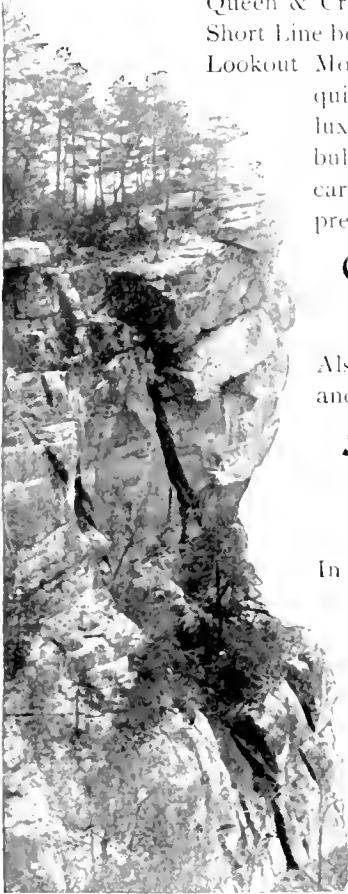
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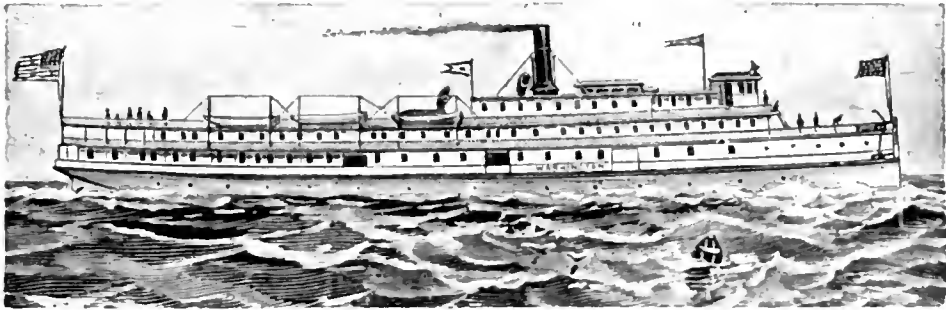
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" FORTRESS MONROE	7.20 "		Arrive FORTRESS MONROE	6.30 A M	
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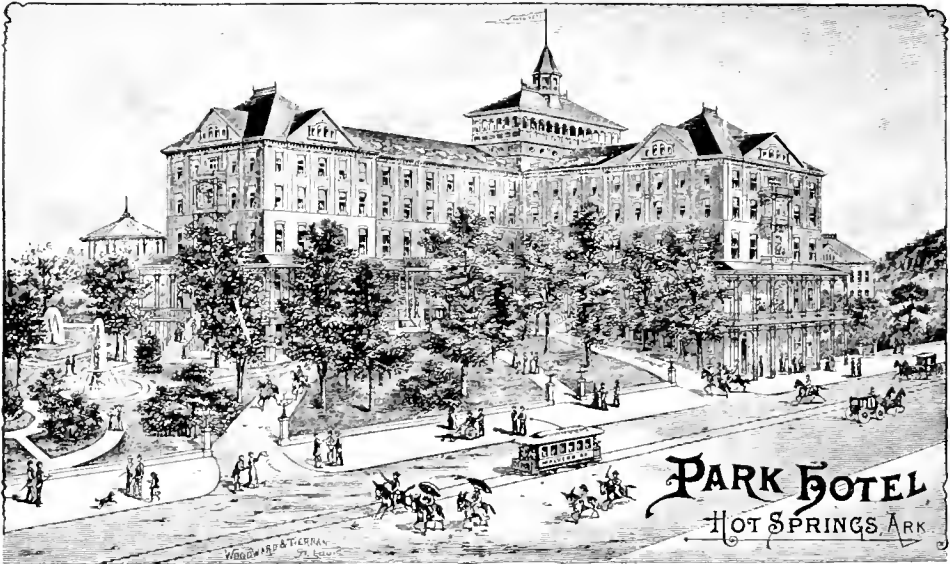
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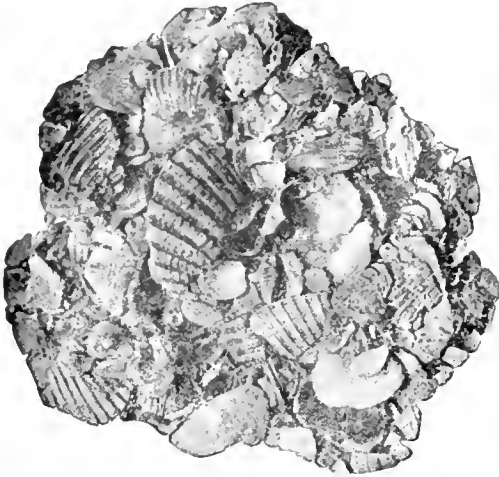
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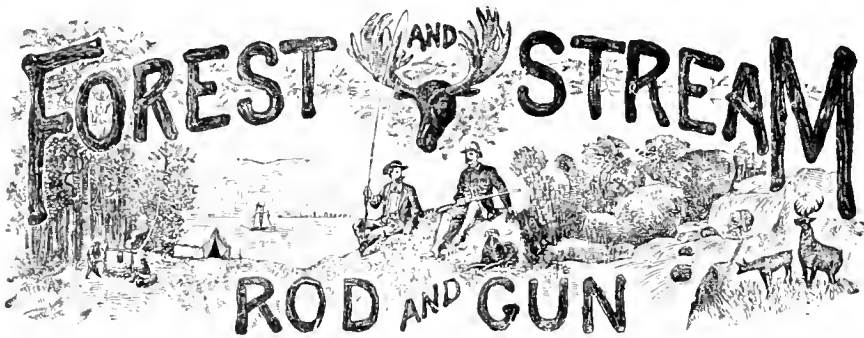


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The composition of the water is shown by the following analysis made by the eminent chemist, Dr. Henry Fröehling:

* ANALYSIS. *

Total solids left on evaporation at 212° F., 5.45856 grains. Consisting of:

	<i>Grains.</i>		<i>Grains.</i>
Sodium Carbonate,	1.03572	Sodium Arseniate,00641
Calcium "93133	" Iodide,00599
Magnesium "62166	" Bromide,03615
Lithium "02565	" Borate—faint trace.	
Copper " trace . .		Aluminium Phosphate11838
Zinc " " . .		Ferrous Sulphate,08047
Calcium Fluoride, " . .		Silica,	1.07596
Potassium Sulphate,61933	Organic Matter,03032
Potassium Chloride,20644		
Sodium,64866		5.14347

The springs are situated thirty-nine miles from Chilhowie, Va., a station on the Norfolk & Western Railroad. The water is sold by all first-class druggists, and is put up in cases of twelve half-gallon bottles each.

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The Hotel will accommodate 100 guests and is open from June 1 to November 1. Hack leaves Chilhowie, Va., on Mondays and Thursdays of each week after the arrival of the morning trains.

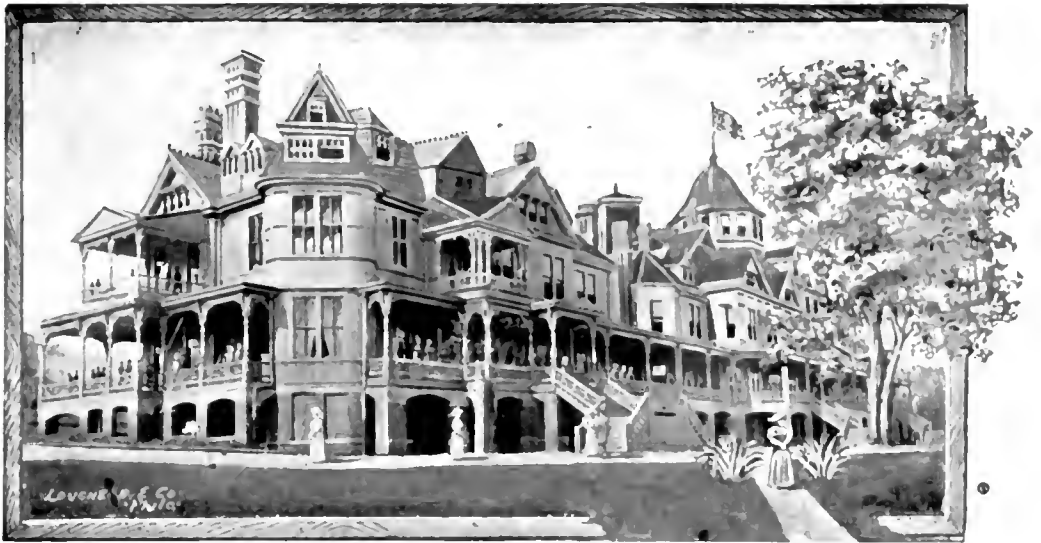
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The St. George is the most comfortably and completely furnished, the most home-like, and altogether the most attractive FAMILY HOTEL in "Ye Ancient Citie." With a careful and liberal management, a Cuisine of noted and superior excellence, and efficient Service—it caters to

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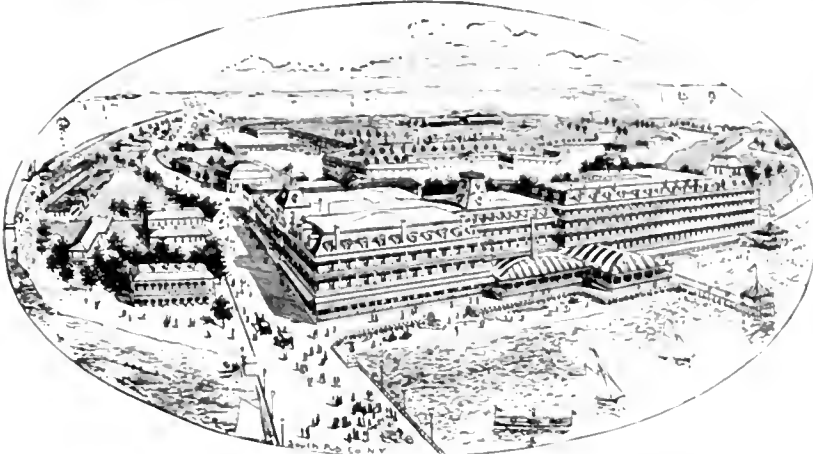


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THE • TOMOKA • TRIP

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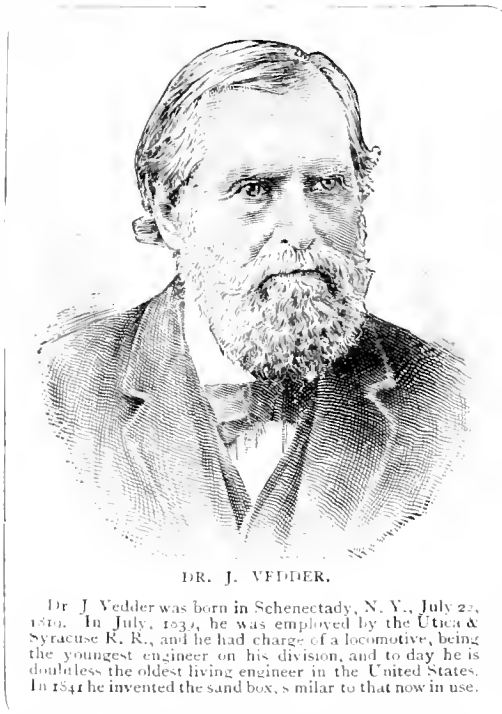
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ANIMALS.—Large Black Bear caught on Anastasia Island when young. Otters, most beautiful of the aquatic family. Wild Cats (*Lynx rufus*), Mink, Gray Foxes, Fawn, Skunks, deprived of their musk glands; Opossum, Raccoons, Fox Squirrels. The Jutia from the West Indies, the only one known to be in the United States. And many other specimens. **BIRDS.**—Darter or Snak-birds, Bald Eagle, Great Blue Heron, Sandhill Crane, White Heron, White Egret, Wood Ibis, White Ibis, Turkey Buzzard, Great Horned Owl, Barred Owl, Parakeet, Mottled Owls, Hawks, Monkey Faced Owl, Pelican, Falcon, etc. **REPTILES.**—Monster Alligator, Crocodile from India, monster Rattlesnake, Scorpion, Centipede, monster Moccasin Snake, Ground Rattlesnake, Coach Whip, Adder, Serpent Lizard or Glass Snake, Cobra de Capello from India. **Alcohol and Mounted Specimens by the Hundreds.**—Live Alligators for sale, boxed for shipment. Alligators artistically mounted—all sizes. Birds, Bird Skins, Plumes, Feathers, Pompons in great variety. Metallic Boxes for shipping orange blossoms and flowers for sale. Anthropological Indian specimens, including skull of an aborigine, plainly showing indentation made by stone battle-axe.

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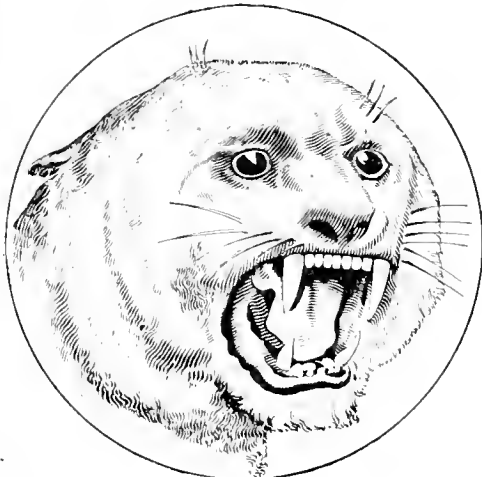
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OCEANIC WONDERS.

Monster Sun Fish—*Orthogoriscus*, family *diodontidae*. The largest one in the world. The one in the British Museum measures 7ft. 6in.; and one recently caught near Los Angeles 8ft. 2in., which was supposed to be the largest. The specimen on exhibition here is 10ft. high and 6ft. long. It was captured at Matanzas Inlet. **Large Manatee or Sea Cow.** Also skeleton *Manatus americanus*. Caught at St. Lucie Inlet, Fla. The celebrated sea cow, Romeo, one of the largest ever captured. **Bottle-Headed Whale.**

A cetaceous animal, belonging to the family *Bulweridae*, when full grown about 25ft. in length. Rare species. Wounded and came on shore at Bird Island, opposite the lighthouse. **Monster Saw Fish.**—14ft. long, captured in St. Augustine Bay. **Large Jew Fish.**—Sea black bass. *Epinephelus nigritus*. **Tarpon, the Silver King.** 7ft. long; the largest one in Florida in its natural luster. **PORPOISE,** a very large specimen. **Monster Man-Eater Shark.**

One of the largest ever captured. Also Sand, Blue, Shovel-nose, Hammer-head Sharks, Torpedo or Electric Ray, Octopus or Devil Fish, Trunk Fish, Scabbard Fish, Old Man of the Sea, Gurnard, Pipe Fish, Bat Fish, Sea Horse, Frog Fish, Sole, Flounder, Shark Snucker, Caballa, Sheephead, Cobia, Trigger Fish, Mediterranean Sky Gazer, Globe Fish, Sea Porcupine, Spotted Ray, Smooth Back Sting Ray, Prickly Ray, etc. **The Guitarro (*Rhinobatus lentiginosus*).** First described and classified in 1850 by Prof. Garman. Very rare. **The Lute, or Leathery Turtle *Sphargis coriacea*.** This turtle exceeds all others in size. Agassiz states that he has seen them weighing over a ton. This turtle was known to the ancient Greeks, and of its carapace the first lyre is supposed to have been formed, the seven ridges on the back suggesting the adoption of seven strings, which was the ancient number. Hence it is called the Lute Turtle.





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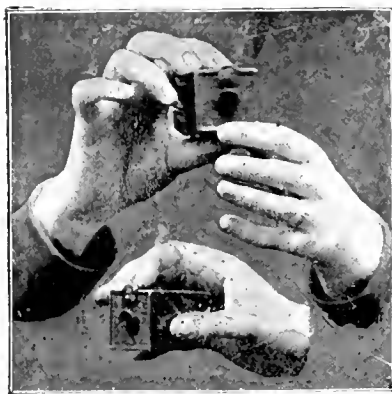
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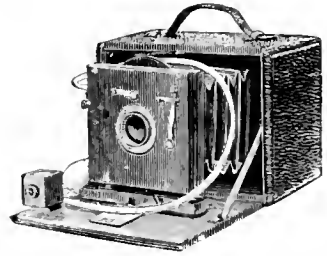
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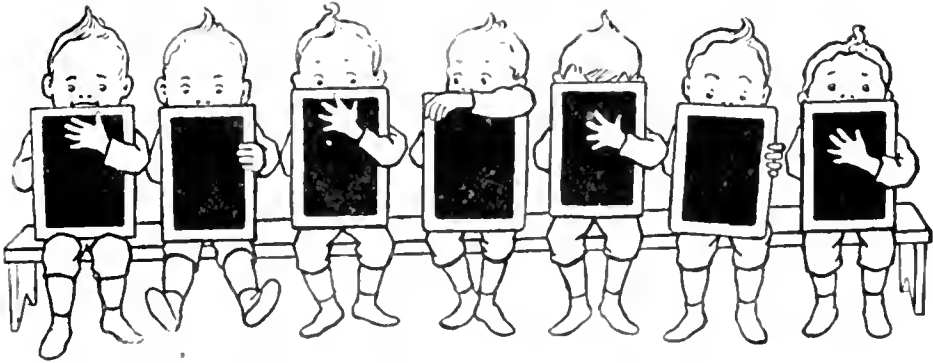
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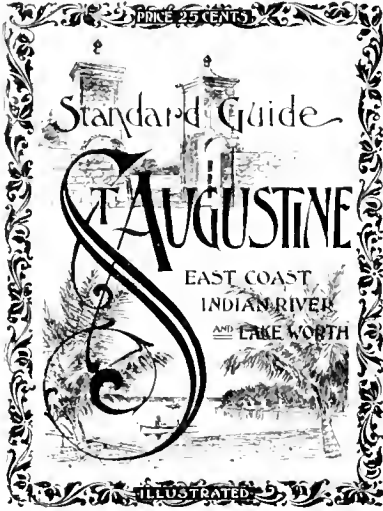
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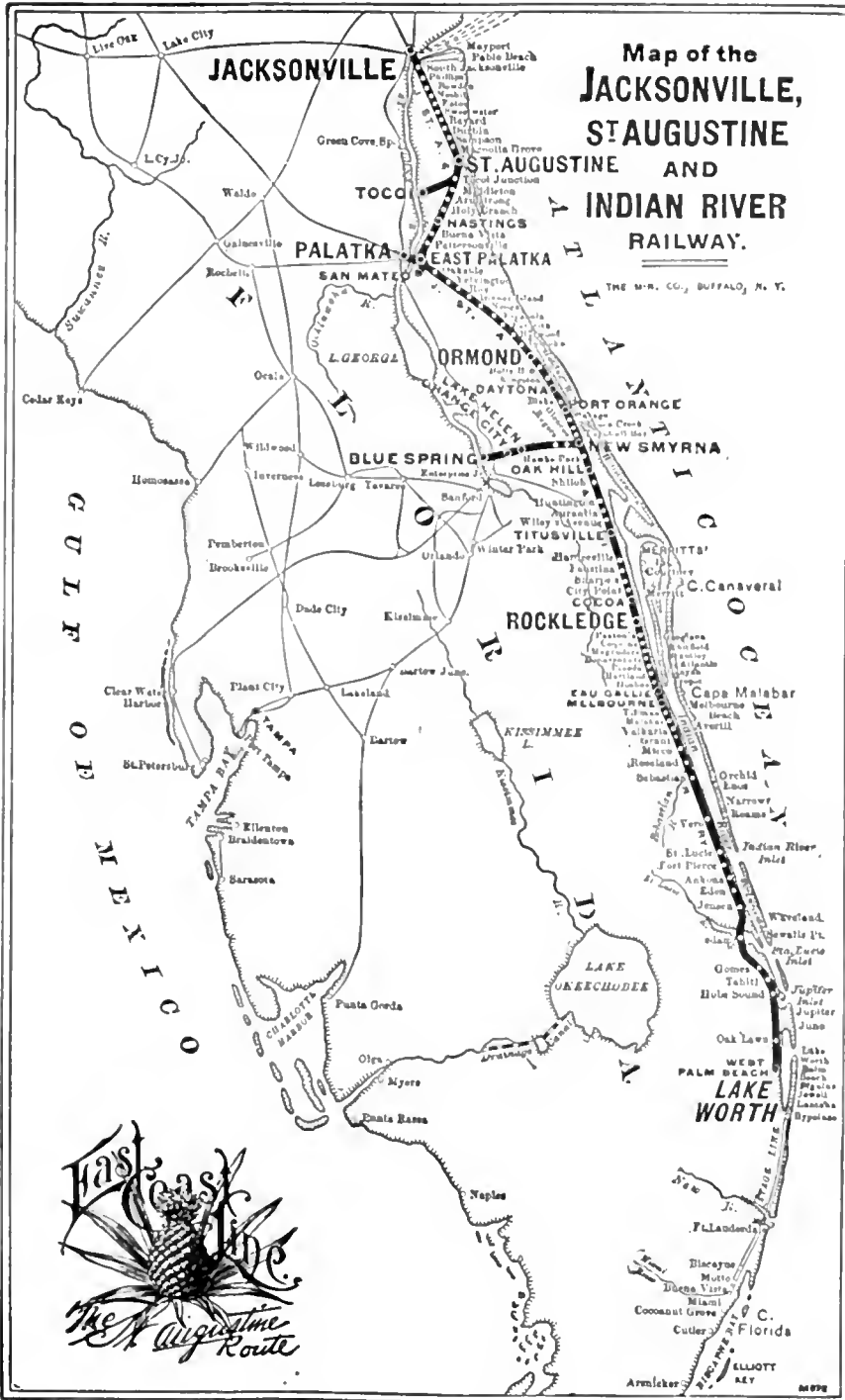


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